

THE
HISTORY
OF
JOHN JUNIPER, Esq.
ALIAS
JUNIPER JACK

HISTORY

JOHN JUMPER, Esq.

JUMPER JACK

THE
HISTORY
OF
JOHN JUNIPER, Esq.
ALIAS
JUNIPER JACK.

CONTAINING
THE BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION,
LIFE, ADVENTURES, AND CHARACTER

OF
THAT MOST WONDERFUL AND SURPRIZING
GENTLEMAN.

BY THE EDITOR OF
THE ADVENTURES OF A GUINEA.

*—Aude aliquid breviter Gyaris, & curare dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis—*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

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M,DCC,LXXXI.

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THE

THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
JUNIPER-JACK.

BOOK I.
CHAPTER I.

ON his arrival he found the town turned, as we say, upside downwards. All appearance of industry was banished. Every face was bloated, every eye red with intemperance. Nothing but riot, blasphemy, and phrenzy, was to be seen or heard, wherever he turned his head. Bedlam was, in comparison, a scene of order, the empire of reason.

Such a sight was far from being disagreeable to him, as it promised a plenteous portion of that sport of which he came in quest. Alighting, therefore, at the first public-house, he called for a pint of beer, and informing the

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landlord, that he was one who professed *the* *slight of hand*, enquired, if he thought it would be worth his while to stay there, and exhibit his feats for a day or two.

There are no guests more welcome at a public house, than those gentry, on account of the crowds of idle people whom they draw together. His host, therefore, omitted no argument to encourage his staying; particularly, that the squire was so fond of every thing of the kind, that he had lately kept a paltry fellow of a Jew, with a magic-lantern, at the castle, for a whole fortnight; as he certainly would him also, for the entertainment of his friends in the borough, with whom his house was filled every day.

This was most pleasing information to our young conjuror, whose first object was to get access to the squire, in order to see into the mystery of electioneering, at the fountain-head. In return, therefore, for the intelligence, he pulled out his *bag of tricks*; and shewed him one or two specimens of his art, which persuaded him that he was one of the cleverest fellows in the world.

Far from being selfishly satisfied with his own gratification, his public-spirited host spread the news through the town, in consequence of which his house, within less than half an hour, was full of company, to whom the conjuror exhibited some of his simplest feats, requiring only that every one who saw him should call for something to drink, for the benefit of the house; and promising to display all his skill, the next day, when he should have a place proper for his purpose.

This

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This so effectually won him his host's warm heart, that when the show was over, and the company gone, he insisted on treating him with some bacon and eggs, and a glass of punch, for his supper; during which he gave him the history of the whole neighbourhood, the intelligence always first sought for by the gentlemen of his profession; as he also made him a compliment of his barn to exhibit his feats in, saying, with a laugh, that he doubted not, but it would prove the best harvest that had ever been got in there.

While the conjuror was consulting his pillow, next morning, how to make the most of the information he had received, his fame reached the squire's ears, with such advantage, that he was sent for to the castle, as soon as he was up; where he found his honour at breakfast, lolled on a sofa, in *Asiatic* state; who, after a few ingenious questions, about his country, his age, and what he could do, asked, at last, how much he would expect a day for playing his *tricks* there, to him and his company; and to live with his servants during the time.

This directly met our hero's wish. Pausing, however, some minutes, as if to consider of the matter, he answered, that as he could have no doubt but his honour was a worthy gentleman, he would rather leave it to his own generosity than presume to make any bargain; and repeating the same answer when pressed a second time to name his terms, the squire, who was far from being proof to flattery, said he was a cunning fellow, and ordered him to stay.

This important matter being thus happily settled to the satisfaction of all parties, our he-

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ro withdrew to breakfast in the servants-hall, where he was instantly as much at his ease, as if he had never kept any other company, showing his seats with the most obliging readiness, and repeating them as often as they desired, so as effectually to gain their favour; that essential requisite to being well entertained in every genteel family.

The squire sallying forth at length, at the head of a crowd of his retainers, to walk his usual rounds through the town, and pick up company for dinner, the conjuror, who was now listed in his train, would not on any account miss the sight.

It is impossible for any description to do justice to such a scene. His head was covered all over with bunches of different coloured ribbons hanging down to his shoulders, in the midst of which, his tawney face looked just like that of a chimney-sweeper's boy peeping through his may-bush. He shook every shabby fellow he met by the hand, returning their fancy familiarity with the most servile complaisance; and bowed so low on all sides, that he stumbled at every second step, for want of attending to his way as he walked along.

CHAP. II.

THEY had not paraded thus above half way down the street, when they were met by a cavalcade of the opposite party, headed by the son of a noble lord, who had made an acquaintance with the candidate on his travels; and was now come to assist him in his election, in return for some assistance of another nature, already received, or perhaps with a view of receiving more.

The best cause often suffers by bad managers. While Sir John Worthland, and his friends exerted all their power to preserve order and decency in their proceedings, either from a principle of virtue, or to show the contrary conduct in their opponents in the more glaring light; his lordship's zeal was so impetuous, that he ran into the very excesses which they endeavoured to decry.

Advancing up to the *Nabob*, "So, scoundrel" (said he) you are come, I suppose, to try our markets; but I will soon show you that you shall not sell your salt here, at so high a price as you did in *Bengal*"—saying which, he took the *Nabob* without more ceremony by the nose, and gave it a tweak, that made him roar out most manfully.

Such an insult, and in such a situation, would have been too much for the patience of *Job*

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himself. The *Nabob* instinctively started back, and clinching his fists valiantly—"Come on, you dog (he answered) I will fight you this instant, and that for a thousand bye, if you dare; to shew you that I am no-scoundrel."

This challenge was far from being to his lordship's taste, whose courage was too refined for such vulgar warfare. Instead of accepting it therefore, he also drew back, and drawing his rapier, said he was not a porter to fight with his fists; but would give him, or any one for him, satisfaction, that moment, at the weapons of a gentleman.

The furious look his lordship put on when he said this; or perhaps the sight of the naked sword cooled the courage of the *Nabob*, who had as constitutional an aversion to cold iron, as witch-wife *Salomon*, of stinking memory, who always souled his breeches at the sight, had conceived in his mother's womb, on his father *David* the fiddler's being killed in her chamber: nor did the most forward of those about him, who were driving the world before them, but a minute ago, seem to relish the offer much better.

But *Jack*, who ever set danger at defiance, when it interfered with his designs, thought this an opportunity not to be missed for gaining consequence with his new patron. Bursting, therefore, through the crowd, he seized his honour's sword with one hand, and clapping the other to his breast, as if to keep him back, "Hold, sir! (said he) and do not suffer yourself to be duped by such a bravado. Your enemies see they have no other chance of succeeding, but by bullying you; and therefore
" have

“have set on this swaggerer to make the attempt. But they shall find themselves mistaken, and that you have friends, who will stand between you and twenty times a greater danger. Give me your sword, but for a moment, and I will send their champion packing with another story.”—Then lugging out the unresisting hero’s sword, and desiring those about him to hold him, though he made not the least effort to move, he advanced directly upon his lordship, who, far from being so forward to meet him, stood peaceably upon his guard.

No eagle ever had a sharper eye, than our hero, to spy out any advantage. He instantly saw his antagonist’s situation, and resolving to avail himself of it, at the first pass made his sword fly out of his hand, with a wrench, that nearly dislocated his wrist.

The *Nubob*’s friends, who had stood all this while as mute as fishes, made the air ring with shouts of triumph at this exploit, on which every one plumed himself as much as if it had been his own. The conqueror alone shewed no exultation. Catching up the discomfited challenger’s sword, in the instant, he returned to his patron, and, presenting him both that and his own with a low bow, was falling back into his former station.

But the *Nubob*, who had now recovered his spirits, was too sensible of his service to let it pass unnoticed. “I wonder (said he, catching him by the hand) how you can have the assurance to look me in the face, after saving that scoundrel from my resentment. It is the highest affront to my honour, that he should

“be

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“ be chastised by any other hand but mine. How-
 “ ever, as these are things above your compre-
 “ hension, I forgive what you have done on ac-
 “ count of your good intention, but you must
 “ take care and never do the like again.” His
 lordship in the mean time, was in but an un-
 comfortable plight. Beside the disgrace, his
 wrist really pained him so severely, that his for-
 titude was put to the test to avoid roaring out
 as he retreated; denouncing the most desperate
 vengeance against the author of his mishap; as
 soon as ever he should be able to inflict it.

So signal an instance of attachment fixed the
 conjuror in his patron's favour beyond his most
 sanguine expectation. On their return to the
 castle, he called him into the parlour, and tak-
 ing him again by the hand, expressed the
 strongest concern that he was not an *Englishman*,
 or he would directly procure him a commission
 in the army, which would make a gentleman of
 him at once; as had been the case, with many
 others, of still lower stations than his. How-
 ever, he made him sit down at his own table to
 dinner; saying it was his maxim to encourage
 merit wherever he found it, and promising to pro-
 vide for him handsomely in some other manner.

And here I must beg leave to supply an omis-
 sion, which most unaccountably escaped me in
 the next chapter but one preceding this; and
 as it is said of one of the most voluminous writ-
 ters, who ever put pen to paper, that he ac-
 quired more honour, and that deservedly, by
 writing a book expressly to retract the errors in
 those he had written before, than by all the rest
 put together; so I flatter myself that the sup-
 plying of this omission, for that there can be
 any

OF JUNIPER-JACK. 9

any errors in so accurate a work, is not to be imagined will have as happy an effect with the candid reader, as the good *father's retractions*; and add one sprig more to the crown of laurel, which the historic muse is, at this auspicious moment, weaving for my brow.

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CHAP.

CHAP. III.

THE attentive reader must remember, that when *Jack* first made his appearance before Squire *Musbroom*, in his present character of a conjuror, that gentleman, whose sagacity and circumspection were equal to those of many a minister of state, enquired his age, his country, and many other such particulars of importance, as it became his consequence to be informed of: but strange to happen, the answer to these ingenious questions was omitted. *Jack*, whose regard to justice, and the honour of his country, was already as great as in any succeeding period of his life, and whose spirit was superior to the narrow restraint of truth, when it clashed with his convenience, instead of telling who, or whence he was, or even sticking to the same story he had told his friends at *Wells*, answered without hesitation, that he was a *Genoese* by birth, but had been bred mostly in *England*.

His first intention was to have given the honour of his extraction to the house of *Israel*; but, as he could not speak their jargon, he chose to enrol himself among the *Genoese*, whose language he spoke as readily as his own, as the people, who, next to the *Jews*, would suffer least in their good fame by his exploits, as he also took the name of *Gaffareni*, for the same reason, as well as from a resemblance, in the turn of his eyes, to a man of that name and country,

country, whom he had occasionally seen among the ingenious foreigners who attended Mr. Juniper's levee; though his highest ambition could not flatter him with an hope of doing justice to the name he had assumed, by equalling the cleverness of his expedients to break through the unnatural bounds of property, and redress the partiality of fortune.

The mention of his adopted country, on the Squire's lamenting that he was not an *Englishman*, drew upon Gaffarini a variety of curious questions; as may be supposed from the kind of company he was in; all which he answered without the least embarrassment, to the satisfaction of the enquirers, having travelled all through *Europe*, in the same diligence with the accurate and ingenious writer of the *Grand Tour*; as he perfectly charmed the refined taste of the Squire, by singing an Italian air in the style of the *Castrato*, whose squalling was then in highest vogue.

The entertainment, as usual, lasted till the company had drunk themselves out of their senses, and then ended in a quarrel; the usual end of such entertainments, in fomenting which, under pretence of preventing it, Gaff most successfully displayed all his abilities. When our hero attended breakfast the next morning, he could see without putting on his conjuring cap; that matters did not swim smoothly. The Mayor looked gloomy. *Poundage* hung down his head, and the Squire whistled a tune as he walked about the room.

The company had no sooner separated on their several occasions; than the conjuror was summoned to attend the Squire in the garden—

“Gaff”

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“ Gaff (said his honour, as he approached him)
 “ I want your advice, as I know you are a de-
 “ vilish clever fellow, and can trust you. It
 “ seems, these damned scoundrels of voters
 “ will not be satisfied with stuffing their hungry
 “ guts, without they get money also, which is
 “ a cursed affair. Not that I want the *stuff*! I
 “ have more than would be sufficient to buy
 “ their bodies and souls, as well as their votes.
 “ The difficulty is how to give it, so as not to
 “ be within the law; there being many of
 “ them forsooth, whose consciences are so squeamish,
 “ as to keck at the bribery oath, unless
 “ the thing is wrapt up so neatly, as they think
 “ will cheat the devil. Those dunces of mine
 “ have been puzzling about it all the morning
 “ to no purpose. Nor is that strange. The
 “ head of an *Englishman* who has never gone
 “ abroad to sharpen his wits, is stuffed with
 “ beef and pudding instead of brains. I was
 “ nothing myself till I went abroad. What do
 “ you think? Can you hit off the fault for
 “ us?—

A thought that instant struck our conjurer,
 which probably would not have entered the head
 of any other man alive.—“ Really, sir, (he an-
 “ swered) I am but a novice in these matters;
 “ but if I understand your honour rightly,
 “ there can be no great difficulty in the affair,
 “ as I should imagine. You have only to em-
 “ ploy some one else to give the money in such
 “ a manner, as it cannot be proved to come
 “ from you—let me consider a moment—egad,
 “ I believe I have it—suppose I should turn
 “ mountebank doctor for the occasion, and set
 “ up a stage at the market cross to sell my me-
 “ dicines—

“ dicines—I have nothing to do but to make
 “ up packets of two sorts. In one I will put
 “ any insignificant stuff, such as those quacks
 “ usually sell, and dispense them to the crowd
 “ in general, while the other shall contain half
 “ a score guineas, or whatever number you
 “ think proper to be given to those who shall
 “ be pointed out to me by a particular token;
 “ such for instance, as putting a *bean* into the
 “ handkerchief they throw up for the packet,
 “ instead of the sixpenny piece, as they shall
 “ be directed by Mr. Poundage; and this, in-
 “ stead of receiving a bribe from you, will be
 “ only selling their beans to a stranger, who has
 “ nothing, or which is the same thing, is not
 “ known to have any thing to say to you. Eh!
 “ What does your honour think of this scheme?”

* That religious regard to truth, which I have made
 the invariable rule of this history, obliges me to observe
 that this thought was suggested to our hero, by a like
 practice among the Athenians, which gave occasion to the
 mysterious precept of the philosopher to abstain from
 beans, that people giving their suffrages, by way of bal-
 lot, cast them; but then it must at the same time be
 allowed to the honour of his invention, that the manner of
 dispensing them here proposed, was not only his own, but
 also an improvement upon the original, an honour to which
 few imitators of ancient customs appear to have any claim.

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CHAP. IV.

EXTRAVAGANT as such a scheme may appear, it tallied so exactly with the Squire's intellects, that he not only resolved to put it in practice, but also to take the honour of it to himself—"How the devil came that thought
"into your head? (said he, with an affected
"smile of surprise) it is the very thing that
"struck myself. That you should hit upon the
"same, is very surprising,—you certainly are
"a damned clever fellow."

"Good wits often jump, as the proverb
"says—(replied Jack who saw what he was at,
"and resolved to humour him)—and I never
"gave so strong a proof of the goodness of
"mine, as by jumping in opinion with your
"honour on this occasion—and when shall we
"set about carrying your scheme into executi-
"on?"—"This moment—(returned the Squire,
"flattered to think that he had imposed so easi-
"ly upon him)—I will give orders to *Poundage*
"this moment to attend you, and follow your
"directions in every respect."

The gudgeon's swallowing the bait so readily, gave our hero the highest pleasure; however, there still remained some parts of his plot to be provided for—"With submission, Sir!—(he
"added therefore)—I apprehend we had bet-
"ter not be in too great a hurry. As I am at
"present known to have the honour of being
"some-

“ somewhat in your favour, if I should go so
 “ abruptly to work, suspicions might arise.
 “ What do you think, therefore, if you were
 “ to affect being offended with me to day at
 “ dinner, and order me to be turned out of
 “ your house. That will prevent all suspicion
 “ of any understanding between us: and then
 “ I will go down to the town and giving myself
 “ out to be a most wonderful and surprising
 “ doctor, just arrived from foreign parts, set
 “ about getting a stage built, without any one
 “ belonging to you appearing to know any thing
 “ of the matter ?” —

“ The very thing I was myself thinking of”
 — (returned the Squire) —

“ And then — (continued the conjuror) —
 “ there need be no further intercourse between
 “ us, but just for Mr. *Poundage* to give me *stuff*
 “ for the *golden pills*, and the token for distri-
 “ buting them. The rest I will myself under-
 “ take to manage. How many guineas would
 “ you have put into each dose? And must the
 “ doses be all alike? — I should imagine there
 “ may be a difference in the stomachs of your
 “ patients, some of whom may require larger
 “ doses than others. In that case, I can make
 “ up my packets differently, some in single
 “ doses, some in double, or even triple; and
 “ deal them out accordingly, as shall be pointed
 “ out to me. —

“ Your honour does not seem to comprehend
 “ me! — I mean, when Mr. *Poundage* makes his
 “ bargain with any one, he must proportion
 “ the number of his *beans* to it. That is to
 “ say, to a man who sells himself for *ten*
 “ guineas, (the number in a *single* dose) only
 “ one

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“one bean.—To him whose disease may re-
 “quire, or in other words, who will not sell
 “himself for less than twice that sum, two
 “beans, and so on. And in return I will give
 “a single, double, or triple dose in the pac-
 “quet; or whatever sum you order, only I
 “must know before, how far you will go, that
 “I may make up my packets accordingly;
 “and have them ready to deliver without any
 “more fuss or delay, than those I throw to the
 “crowd, whose opening what they get, and
 “chewing the contents, as they always do,
 “will prevent any suspicion of the others,
 “which the *bean-merchants* must be cautioned
 “to put in their pockets, without opening, and
 “this I think will make all safe.”—

“That it will, I’ll answer for it—(replied
 “the Squire)—it is exactly what I had myself
 “planned out in every particular—and so I
 “must quarrel with my little swivel eyed Gaff!
 “—but I fancy we shall easily make it up again.
 “Though to give the better look to it, I must
 “be in a violent passion and treat you with
 “great haughtiness; but trust me for swagger-
 “ing, I know how to pop the *Nabob*, when I
 “see proper.”—

“And I will take care to give you reason to
 “be offended—(returned Jack) to clench the
 “cheat between us. You may trust me for
 “that too. In the mean time you will please
 “to let me see you again, before our *fatal*
 “*breach*, to receive your last orders; as also to
 “direct Mr. *Poundage* to give me money for
 “building the stage, and hiring people to assist
 “me; the gentlemen of my new profession
 “paying before hand, because nobody will
 “trust

“ trust us; and unluckily I am a little out of
 “ cash at present. As for my own part I shall
 “ leave that to your honour’s generosity when
 “ the affair shall be all over.”

“ Very well—(replied the Squire) I see you
 “ know on which side your bread is buttered.
 “ I am always generous to those who trust to
 “ my generosity as you shall find. You may
 “ walk about here and amuse yourself, while I
 “ go dress; after which, I will send *Poundage*
 “ to you, who shall give you whatever you
 “ want. You will remember to tell him, that
 “ the whole scheme is mine.”—

As soon as the Squire was out of his Valet de
 Chambre’s hands, he gave his trusty steward
 the outlines of this notable scheme, referring
 him for particulars to his friend Gaff, to whom
 he said, he had explained the whole, as he was
 to be the principal actor in it; and ordered him
 to supply money for carrying it into execution,
 not having leisure to say more at that time, as
 his friends, who had cleared their throats with
 a morning’s draught in the hall, summoned him
 by their shouts to sally forth, and make his usu-
 al progress through the town, just as a pack of
 hungry hounds open at the kennel door, when
 they expect the dog-boy to lead them to a car-
 rion.

Whatever objections *Poundage* might have
 had to the scheme according to the crude ac-
 count given him of it by the Squire, who, by
 the bye, was able to give him no better, it be-
 ing too complicated for his head to compre-
 hend so readily, were entirely removed by Gaff,
 who set the whole in such a clear light, that
 he was as much pleased with it as his master;
 whose

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whose being the author of any thing so clever struck him with the strongest surpris.

Having supplied our hero therefore with the money he required, he went to acquaint the mayor with what he was resolved on, and get his permission for erecting the stage, while the doctor continued his walk in the garden to *con* his *cant*, and prepare for playing his part with propriety, till he was summoned to attend the cavalcade, in which his exploit of the day before, gave him too much consequence to be left behind.

Having therefore taken his place as close as he could to the Squire, who had too just a sense of his merit to dislike his being near him, he had not proceeded far when a loaded cart crowding them up in a corner, unable to resist the temptation, he took advantage of the confusion to conjure every thing in his honour's pockets into his own, so dexterously, that he perceived nothing of the operation.

CHAP. V.

THE Nabob was so eager to enter upon the execution of *his* scheme, that our hero had no sooner joined the company in the parlour, than he began his attack. "Here you, master *nimble-fingers*! (said he) let us have some of your tricks to divert us till dinner! where are your cups and balls?"

"I have sent them to keep company with your basin and razors (answered Jack) and now design to take up another trade as you did, when you were tired of shaving."

"And pray what trade do you intend to follow now? (replied the Squire, far from being pleased with his pertness, though he did not choose to shew that he understood him.)—

"Your honour's other trade of a doctor (returned Jack) in which you shall see me perform wonders presently, though I will not promise that my pills, powerful as they are, shall cure all diseases quite so effectually as your prescriptions neither."

"My prescriptions (interrupted the Squire) I do not understand you! what did I ever prescribe?"—

"Fasting (answered Jack) by which you have the honour of having cured half a million of poor people of the head-ach for ever in *India*."

There

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There is no jest in tickling an old sore. This came so home to the Squire, that it exceeded both his patience and presence of mind to bear it. "You lie, you vagabond pick-pocket scoundrel, (he returned, throwing a silver ink-stand, at his head, with such force, that if he had not ducked from the blow, he would never after have wanted pill or prescription, and he had caught up a bottle to send on the same errand, when a wink from the offender reminded him of their late agreement and stopped his hand) "you lie, I did not kill them. If they were not able to buy food, and therefore died of famine, what was that to me? Was I obliged to feed them? But this is what is always got by making free with cur-dogs; they leap up, and bite a man for his kindness. Take that fellow by the neck somebody, and kick him out of doors. His impudence shall cost him an hungry belly to-day whatever."

Such orders seldom require repetition. A learned retainer of the law, with whom Jack had made so free as to crack some jokes upon his profession, thinking this a good opportunity for taking revenge, as he should be well seconded, seized him by the collar, and had actually raised his foot to execute the whole sentence, when he was stopped short by an accident, for which he was not prepared.

Jack, who, as hath been observed on other occasions, had not the least relish for such familiarities, no sooner felt his hand at his throat, than taking him a blow full in the pit of his stomach, and at the same instant tipping up his heels, the unfortunate hero measured his length upon the floor, where he gave a clear account

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of the contents of his crew, before he had time or strength to rise; while the conqueror making his compliments to the company, marched off without further molestation, and walked very composedly down to the town; where he no sooner disclosed his new character, than his friendly host offered to take upon himself the care of erecting a stage; to which the doctor assented, with an air of as much importance, as if he had his diploma from the college of *Edinburgh*, in his pocket; and then retired to his chamber to make up his packets, having provided materials as he came along.

In the evening Mr. *Pondage* did the doctor the honour of a visit, as if to make up matters between him and the Squire; when he added an improvement of his own to the scheme, that each *Bean-seller* should write his name upon the paper in which he wrapped his beans, in order, as he said, to prevent the same man from going twice to market; though he had also the further view in it, of serving as a check upon the *Buyer*; and giving him as many guineas as he thought sufficient for the first day, with a promise of more in the evening, after the market should be over, he took his leave, professing great concern before his host, that the doctor would not make a proper submission to the Squire for the offence he had given him; which the doctor haughtily refused, as beneath the dignity of the faculty; threatening, if he should receive any new provocation, to take further liberties of the same kind; for which, by the bye, he had stipulated an indemnity with *Pondage*, as the most effectual expedient to conceal the intercourse between them.

All

All matters being properly prepared, the doctor mounted his stage next day; just about the time when the candidates used to make their progress through the town, to confirm their respective adherents, and endeavour to conciliate more. He would have been glad to appear in a more characteristic dress, than his conjuror's green suit; but that was out of his power for want of time to get another made, if he could even have found a taylor sober enough to make it. All he could do, was to adorn his head with an old tye-wig, as large as the fleece of the oldest goat on *Gilead*, with which his friend *Powdage* supplied him out of the *Nabob's* wardrobe, who had made no small figure in it in *India*; where he always wore it on his days of state, and *Grand Gala*.

The many advantages of such a situation to orators, in giving effect to their speeches, have been learnedly shown by a celebrated writer whom I have already had the honour of improving upon, in a former part of this ingenious work; as I must also take the liberty to say on the present occasion, that besides those which he has enumerated, there is another of still greater consequence, as all the rest depend entirely upon it for that effect. This is, gathering hearers together, which such an exalted station never fails to do; an hint, that as well as the former, may be of the greatest use to patriots, in either charaber of the senate; where if stages were built for them to speak away upon, they would have a chance of being heard with more attention, and spending their breath to better purpose, than they have done for some time past, to their own most severe disappointment, as
much

OF JUNIPER-JACK. 23

much as to the loss of their country, and of this, there cannot be a stronger proof required, than that noble flame which has been so happily blown up, on several late occasions, from the oratorical stage in *Guildhall*, by speeches, that without that advantage would have been no more attended to, than the church bell by people of fashion.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

ADVANCING to the front of the stage, with the strut of a young officer mounting his first guard, the doctor thus addressed his gaping audience.

“Gentlemen, and fellow-citizens of the world! I come here to make you an offer of the most precious gift of heaven to man: that gift upon which the value of every other depends. For what is of value to us if we cannot enjoy it?—And without health (the gift which I here offer to you) what can we enjoy?—In this little phial is an essence, or I should more justly say, the quintessence of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, all collected from the opposite extremities of the globe.

“Its component parts from the animal kingdom, are the true oil of embryos, prepared at the pharmaceutic hall, near *Black-friars*; to whose virtues, so many worthy and respectable citizens, who beside having wives and children at home, keep their pretty girls in a corner, bear the most honourable testimony—The lard of an Aligator, fattened in the Ganges, on the crew and passengers of a crazy transport; a most excellent emetic for naval contractors, and committees of shipping—and the skimming of the war-kettle,

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“kettle, boiled under *Liberty-tree*, for the sa-
 “vages of *North-America*, by the patriots of
 “*Boston*; the savoury smell of which has so
 “signally kept up the spirits of their brethren,
 “the *Constitutional Society*; and *Supporters of*
 “*the Bill of Rights*.

“From the vegetable kingdom, you have the
 “*Batatas* of *Guinea*, the *Ginseng* of *Tartary*;
 “and though last, not least in fame, the *Bar-*
 “*dans* of *Bay’s-water*.

“The nutritive qualities of the *Batata*, above
 “all the other productions of nature have been
 “abundantly proved in our sister kingdom of
 “*Ireland*, where it is the only food lent to the
 “people by their absent landlords, who live so
 “sumptuously among us: an hint, that may
 “not be unuseful to our own grandees, who
 “cannot support their present style of life
 “much longer, without raising their rents;
 “nor yet raise them beyond their present
 “height, if their tenants must eat any thing
 “better.

“Of *Ginseng*, it is sufficient to say, that it
 “preserves life almost to immortality, as in-
 “contestably appears by the empire of *China*’s
 “having flourished merely by the virtues of
 “this plant above fifty thousand years more
 “than the age of the world, as is shown by
 “those two great luminaries of our happy age,
 “*Hume* and *Voltaire*.—And of *Bar-dans*, to
 “what has been so often repeated in all the
 “public papers for so many years, it cannot
 “be necessary to add more, than that it cured
 “the learned discoverer of its medicinal quali-
 “ties, of that most disagreeable of all ailments,
 “poverty; and raised him from obscurity and

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“ contempt, to royal favour, and titles of honour: a cure, that recommends it irresistibly to all the curious enquirers into nature, both in *Crane-court*, and *Warwick-lane*.

“ And from the *Mineral* kingdom, there is in it, an *Amalgama* of virgin gold, drawn from a lump that was selected for the purpose, by a noble Lord, out of the immense mass taken at the *Havannah*; the just division of which, so amply recompensed the widows and children of the heroes who fell in the siege, for their loss: a specific, that not only cures the present, but also prevents all future diseases, especially of a certain kind, and thereby enables our youth to give a loose to pleasure without fear; as effectually, as that so pompously advertised at half a guinea a bottle.

“ Do not mistake me, gentlemen! and think that because I mount upon this bench, or *Banc*, I am one of those empiricks vulgarly called *Mountbancs*. I do not travel from country to country to trumpet my own praise. I neither draw rotten teeth, nor cure sore eyes. I affect no title to humbug the world. I am no travelling *Barn*, or *Chevalier*. No, gentlemen! I have the honour to be of the faculty. I was one of the original constituent members of the college of physicians—

“ Why do you laugh? I suppose it is at my youthful appearance! but that is no contradiction to what I say! on the contrary, it is the best proof of the excellence of my essence; as it is that, which has preserved me in my present state, to the age of above an hundred years, as I doubt not but it will, for several hundreds more.

“ I say,

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“ I say, I was one of the original members
 “ of the college of physicians, when the right
 “ of killing or curing according to rule, was
 “ conferred upon that learned and venerable
 “ body; though I have disclaimed all connecti-
 “ on with their light-headed successors ever
 “ since they had the rashness to throw off the
 “ reverend three-tailed tye; the only title to
 “ reverence, the only symbol of wisdom, which
 “ had descended to them; and cover their gid-
 “ dy noddles with a fantastic *Quar* or bag.
 “ For as naturalists observe, that those birds
 “ which have the greatest number of eggs,
 “ provide the largest nests; so did the ancient
 “ sons of *Æsculapius* cover their pericraniums
 “ with a fleece, to typify the crowd of ideas
 “ hatching in them; whereas these their de-
 “ generate successors betray the emptiness of
 “ theirs, by the slightness of their covering;
 “ vainly imagining, that such a change will
 “ free them from the ridicule to which they
 “ feel themselves subject; whereas in fact,
 “ that ridicule is levelled at their manners,
 “ not their dress; till they correct which, and
 “ lay aside their pedantry, self-sufficiency,
 “ and affectation of politeness, ridiculous they
 “ are, and with ridicule they will be treated,
 “ let them wear what they will. For this rea-
 “ son, gentlemen, I have preserved this vene-
 “ rable Peruke to distinguish me from those
 “ crop-eared gentry; and show that I am a
 “ genuine son of the faculty. For as the coif
 “ marks the learned serjeant at law, so does
 “ the voluminous tye the doctor of physick,
 “ being often the only marks of learning they
 “ can shew.

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" And now, my friends! having thus briefly
 " hinted at the virtues of this superlative ef-
 " fence, for to enter into a full detail of them
 " would take up too much, both of your time
 " and mine, I have the honour to offer it to
 " you in a quantity sufficient to answer all
 " these salutary purposes, for so small a price
 " as six-pence; being desirous to extend the
 " blessing, by accommodating it to the purses
 " of the poor as well as of the rich, and this
 " I hope, will sufficiently prove the disinterest-
 " ed motives by which I am actuated.

" I come not, gentlemen, to flatter you out
 " of the disposal of your lives, liberties, and
 " properties, in order to raise my own price in
 " *Westminster-market*. I am not a country gen-
 " tleman (observing Sir John Warthland just
 " then passing by) who modestly ask you for
 " your votes, that I may make laws to prevent
 " your tasting the hares and partridges, which
 " eat your own corn, and lead qualified poach-
 " ers to break down your fences.

" I am not a Noble; a self-made Squire,
 " sprung from a dunghill, by whom the world is
 " turned up-side downwards; and who to finish
 " the farce in character, would now be a law-
 " maker forsooth, to secure possession of the
 " wealth I have heaped up, by breaking all
 " laws; and therefore solicit your confidence
 " only to betray it to those who have it in
 " their power to strip me of my ill-gotten pelf,
 " and punish all my crimes.

" No, gentlemen! I am no such man! I
 " come as a real friend, to offer you at a cheap
 " rate, a blessing that is more worth than all
 " the wealth of which the *Jews* have ever
 " cheated

OF JUNIPER-JACK.

29

“cheated honest men; and that you will own
“is a bold word. When health may be bought
“for six-pence, he who will not buy, most
“certainly deserves to be sick.”—

The effect of this elaborate speech exceeded the orator's most sanguine hopes. As one sheep's leaping the fence encourages the whole flock to follow; so no sooner did two or three of the *Bean-Merchants* throw up their handkerchiefs, than the crowd directly imitated their example, and made their demands so fast, that his budget was quickly exhausted; and he obliged to beg a truce from his customers till the next day.

CHAP. VII.

ALL the parties concerned were so well pleased with the success of the first day's exhibition, that, as soon as it was dark, *Poundage* met him punctually at a place appointed in the fields to conceal their intercourse, where he gave him a further supply of the *stuff* for the next day, with a promise of enough the night following, to buy all the *Beans* at market; making an excuse for the want of specie for giving him the trouble of coming again; though the true reason was, that the Squire did not choose to trust his new agent with too much at a time, for fear he should be tempted to march off with it.

In the mean time, this metamorphoses of the conjuror into a mountebank, and his breach with the Squire, after having backed him so manfully against the young Lord, afforded matter of much speculation to Sir *John Worthland* and his friends; who could not but suspect that there was more at the bottom than appeared, though how to come at it they knew not. But the matter remained not long a mystery.

Just as the doctor was concluding his harangue the next day, whom should he spy in the crowd, but his friend *Marshall* and young *Wilson*, who had come to the election; and were now led by curiosity to see their acquaintance in his new character;

character; for they knew who the doctor was, the moment they heard him described.

Though our hero was well enough acquainted with the warmth of *Macshane's* temper, his resentment at the hint in his letter, was such, that he could not refrain from giving him a hit, in that part where he knew he was tenderest, be the consequence what it would.

After enumerating the surprising virtues of his essence, therefore, as before—"Its powers (he proceeded) are not confined merely to the diseases of the body. It is a medicine also for the mind. It will give electors common sense, candidates common truth, country-squires common humanity, and clergymen common charity!—And so universal is its efficacy, that it will agree with the stomach of a *Welshman* as well as *Irish-pottage*, save a *Scot* the expence of *brimstone*, and stop an *Irishman's* mouth from blundering, better than a platter of potatoes."

"What is that you say?" (interrupted *Macshane*, rushing forward through the crowd.)

"O brother doctor! (answered *Jack*) Arrah then is it your own self? By the staff of St. Patrick but I am very glad to see your sweet voice! and how are all our dear friends in the county of *Tipperary*? I was telling a few of the *Virtues* of my essence; and only wanted one of my countrymen to make *Affidavits* of them; for you know it is our way always to swear for one another. A true *Irishman* will never bau'k the back to serve a friend."

He was indebted for permission to proceed thus far, to the interposition of *Wilson*, who used every argument and effort in his power to get his uncle away; or at least to prevent his

making himself ridiculous, by entering into a dispute in such a place. But these last words outweighed all he could say. Breaking from him in a rage not to be restrained, "You shall have witnesses enough to prove how I can chastise a lying scoundrel, without any one's taking a false oath for it!" (replied *Marshaw*, clapping his hand upon the stage, and giving a bound that would have placed him instantly upon it, had not the other end of the board flown up, and laid him on the flat of his back.)

The doctor, who knew his friend's temper too well to expect that he would be foiled by one repulse; and had no desire to grapple with him, high as his spirit and opinion of himself were, took the opportunity to gather up his bags, and slip off the other end of the stage, while his enraged assailant was making a more successful attempt to get upon it; where *Jack* no sooner saw him, than calling out "A new mountebank!—A new mountebank!—Hear him!—Hear him!"—The mob took the word, and roared out so vociferously to *Marshaw* to go on, that he immediately forgot his resentment, and thought of nothing but getting away as well as he could.

But the storm was raised, and there was no resisting it. The mob, whose entertainment he had interrupted, insisted on his supplying the place of their late entertainer; and that with such violence, that all their regard for his nephew *Willis*, could not get him out of their hands, till he should say something himself to make them amends for having spoiled their sport.

It is not possible to conceive a more whimsical distress, than that of *Marshaw*, on this occasion. Without saying something, he saw it was not possible

possible for him to get away! and what to say he knew not. At the most tranquil moment, he was but a poor speech-maker. At this time, his rage doubled his natural incapacity an hundred-fold, leaving him scarce the power of utterance.

The patience of a mob is never long-lived. They began to grow so clamorous, that he was sensible he must either speak to pacify, or face their fury. Mustering up courage therefore from despair, "Gentlemen! (said, or rather sputtered he) I know not what you would have. My intention was to punish a scoundrel, who not content with making fools of you, by his buffoonery, must needs abuse my country also; a thing no man can bear: but the dog has slipped his own head out of the halter, and left mine in its place; which I will make him pay for, if ever I can lay hands upon him. And so, gentlemen, that is all I have to say."

A loud clap of applause echoed his words; but all his trouble ended not so easily. When he turned about to go away, some one unluckily crying out *encore*, they all took the hint, and in despite of every thing he could do, dragged him to the front of the stage, and compelled him to hold forth once more.

No criminal upon the rack ever opened his mouth to make the fatal confession of his guilt, with more reluctance, than now did this indignant *Milesian*. "I have told you already (said he) all I had to say; and if that does not satisfy you, I have nothing to add, but my curse, and the curse of G—d upon you all."

Such temerity would probably have been attended by consequences still worse than what he had already suffered, had it not been for the

arrival of the Vicar, who was held in such reverential love, by the whole town, that the first motion of his hand killed their rage as effectually in his rescue, as *Nephtis*' trident did that of the sea, to save the *Trojan* hero; and gave him an opportunity to retreat, which he did growing like a mastiff beaten away from his bone.

As the Vicar was thus engaged, the young man, who had been the first to attack him, seeing that he was not able to do more, turned back, and with a look of defiance, and a gesture of contempt, he walked away. The Vicar, who was now alone, looked at his watch, and saw that it was half past four. He then went to the door, and looked out. The young man was still there, and he saw that he was looking at him with a look of defiance, and a gesture of contempt. The Vicar then went back to his study, and wrote a letter to the young man, in which he told him that he was sorry that he had not been able to do more for him, and that he hoped that he would be able to do so in the future.

The young man, who had been the first to attack him, received the letter, and read it with a look of defiance, and a gesture of contempt. He then went to the door, and looked out. The Vicar was still there, and he saw that he was looking at him with a look of defiance, and a gesture of contempt. The young man then went back to his study, and wrote a letter to the Vicar, in which he told him that he was sorry that he had not been able to do more for him, and that he hoped that he would be able to do so in the future.

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The young man, who had been the first to attack him, received the letter, and read it with a look of defiance, and a gesture of contempt. He then went to the door, and looked out. The Vicar was still there, and he saw that he was looking at him with a look of defiance, and a gesture of contempt. The young man then went back to his study, and wrote a letter to the Vicar, in which he told him that he was sorry that he had not been able to do more for him, and that he hoped that he would be able to do so in the future.

C H A P. VIII.

THIS interruption of our doctor's business, which was not more disagreeable to his friend *Marshaw*, than to his own customers and employers, suggested to him the means for effecting an addition to his scheme, that had occupied his thoughts from the beginning, though he had not been able to make it out before.

As soon as he had sett'ed matters with his coadjutor, *Poundage*, that night, and received a fresh supply of guineas to serve the double market of the next day, his customers of that having been balked of their bargains, by the riot; he took a circuit round the town, and going to the vicarage, sent in for young *Wilson*, who directly came to him, accompanied by *Marshaw*.

On the doctor's seeing the latter, he advanced, and catching his hand before the other could distinguish who he was, told him with a friendly shake, that he was very glad to see him.

Such a salute, after the offence he had given him that day, threw the *Milesian* into the most awkward embarrassment. His resentment prompted him to return it with a blow that would have felled him to the ground; but then the offender's throwing himself thus into his power, instantly disarmed that resentment, and gave the ascendant to his natural good humour. Acknowledging therefore his reconciliation by a squeeze, to which

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which Jack would have preferred a stroke from another, "What a d—d impudent fellow are you (said he) to face me after what passed this morning? I thought I had cautioned you sufficiently against that before."

"And I thought (answered Jack) that you had seen enough of me to know that I cannot lose my jest, be the consequence what it may.—But this is not my business at present. I have something to say to this gentleman (turning to *Wilson*, and embracing him warmly) that concerns him nearly; and will show such a reason for my saying what I did, as shall make you ashamed of your having refused it.—But I beg your pardon! I forgot that shame is a weakness from which the people of a certain country are constitutionally exempt."

The arch look with which he spoke this, and more especially the anxiety he had raised by what he had said about *Wilson*, prevented *Morison* from taking any notice of it. They all, Mr. and Mrs. *Wilson* particularly, who had by this time joined them, insisted upon his going in to supper, without fear of his visit's being discovered, as their servants loved them too faithfully to reveal any thing they were desired to keep secret.

Not willing however to trust them too far, he waited till they withdrew after supper, when he unfolded the mystery of his present character; and showed, that to play the Squire's game back upon himself, no more was necessary than that some of the most respectable inhabitants of the town in the interest of Sir *John Worsland*, should be let into it, and throw up their beams as *Morison's* friends did, in return for which, they

should

should receive his golden packets; which without his appearing at all in the matter, would afford sufficient cause for making his election void, should the mayor persist so far as to return him.

Greatly as (it may well be supposed) they were all pleased with this discovery, our doctor had another to make which he knew wou'd give them still greater pleasure; because more immediately interesting to themselves.

"When I first proposed coming here (he continued) I said my design was to try if I could not find some means to effect such a breach between the Squire and Mr. Owl-heart, as might reconcile the latter to his daughter's happiness in her own choice of this gentleman (bowing to *Wilson*). The thought I saw appeared romantic and impracticable. But let this (giving him a paper) prove whether I over-rated my own abilities or not. You will judge the proper time for producing it. All I stipulate is, that it shall never be discovered from whom you have received it; nor any notice at all taken of it till the election is over, and I am gone out of the country: and this it was, my dear friend (he added, addressing himself to *Macshaw*) which made me regale you yesterday with a dish of potatoes; as the best means of preventing a discovery of our intercourse, the least suspicion of which would defeat all my designs."

The attentive reader will recollect that our hero had been tempted by a favourable opportunity, to indulge the bent of his genius by picking the *Natal*'s pocket. The most material acquisition, which he made by this exploit beside his purse, which happened not to be very heavy, was a letter from *Rowley* to his master while he

he was left in *London*, approving of a scheme of his to write to Mr. *Oakheart* to take his daughter up to town on a pretence of marrying more conveniently there, than he could in the country; when he might get possession of her by a sham marriage performed by one of his people, in the habit of a clergyman; offering, when he should have served his present purpose with the father, and satisfied his passion for her, to take her off his hands, and marry her himself, which would prevent any disagreeable consequences; the date of which letter agreed exactly with that of the Squire, to have her taken up to town, which had caused her elopement.—And this letter was the paper which our hero now gave his friend *Wilson*.

This turn, the thought of a moment, effaced every trace of *Morslow's* resentment; as the important service he had done *Wilson* by giving him so sure a pledge of his success, endeared him still more to the worthy family, who all promised with the warmest assurances of gratitude and regard, to follow his directions, and most faithfully observe the conditions he required in respect to the letter; whereupon he returned to his quarters without delay, leaving them all no less captivated by the politeness of his conversation and brilliancy of his parts, than astonished at the unaccountable use to which he applied them.

Every thing went on successfully at the next day's *Beau-market*. But when the doctor met his friend *Partridge* at night, and gave in the names of his customers as usual, the discovery of ten who had not been sent by him (for to four who had applied by the direction of Mr. *Wilson*, our hero had for reasons not necessary to be mentioned

tioned to the sagacious reader, any more than he had himself held it necessary to mention them at the vicarage; thought proper to add six others who existed only in his own head) threw that faithful agent into the highest perplexity. The four sent by Mr. *Wilson* he knew to be people of credit in the town, but as they were of the opposite party, and of course had made no bargain with him, he could not conceive how they should have come at the secret, or what they could mean by the application, any more than he could tell what to make of the other six, whom he had never heard of before. At the best, it could be no better than a cheat. But how, or by whom that cheat was played, was the question.

Against the doctor there was not the least shadow of suspicion or complaint: His instructions only had been to deal out his pacquets, according to the numbers of the beans thrown up to him, of which he made a correct return; at least as far as was possible to be known.

The prudence of Mr. *Poundage* however, determined him to proceed no farther without consulting his principal; the result of which was, that for the two following days which would end the business, the doctor should go on as usual, only observing to buy no beans where the name of the seller was not in *Poundage's* hand-writing, with which he was well acquainted.

CHAP. IX.

AS this regulation prevented all further strokes upon the Squire's purse, the doctor for the rest of his exhibition, gave a loose to his predominant passion of courting the applause of the mob by abusing their superiors; at the end of which time, he gave in his accounts, and demanded payment for his trouble. But this was an article not provided for. *Poundage* had no instructions, and the Squire was too busy to be spoken to, till the election should be over.

Though this was no more than the doctor had foreseen, he nevertheless made a fearful pothar about it to keep up appearances; threatening to go directly and demand his hire openly.

To ward off so deadly a blow, Mr. *Poundage* ventured of himself, to offer him twenty guineas, provided he would decamp the next morning, and not return till the affair should be finally determined; when, he undertook that the Squire would satisfy him fully.

This was a trial of skill, that could not last long between such expert masters in their trade. Disdainfully as the doctor treated this offer at first, he suffered himself at length to be prevailed upon to accept it; relying, as he professed, upon the Squire's honour; but in reality, because he had as little inclination to stay, as they had that he should; for fear of being entangled in

in the discovery, which he knew must ensue; and would only prove him a knave on both sides.

On his return to his inn, therefore, he packed up his baggage, and without waiting to take leave of any one, set off at day-break next morning as for *London*. His first intention was to have bilked his host; but involuntary respect for the good opinion of the *Wilsons* and *Maslow*, was too powerful even for the bent of nature, and for once made him honest in spite of himself.

Another part of his conduct must also be accounted for, as it may not seem consistent with the general turn of his character. This is, his having given *Pandage's* letter to young *Wilson*; the obvious intent of which was to promote his passion, at the expence of his own.

Though the natural inconsistency of all human characters, especially such heteroclyte ones as his, is a sufficient vindication of this history, from any charge of inaccuracy, in this instance, justice to my hero requires a clearer elucidation of the point. His passion for *Maria* was only a shadow that vanished with its object. Nor was this all. Though he could not be said to love *Wilson* (if in reality he did not rather hate him, from an envious consciousness of his superiority) yet was his hatred to the Squire still greater, because he had done him an injury in betraying his confidence, and cheating him of his money, an offence never to be forgotten. It was but natural for him therefore to add this injury also to the account; beside that, he might secure by it the interest of *Wilson* and all his friends, in case of any cross accident, which in such a life of warfare as his, was not impossible.

And

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And here, while he is pursuing his journey, bragging himself in his success, which beside the darling pleasure of doing mischief, had added above three hundred guineas to his capital stock (for to his other gains, he had taken care to assign some of his largest packets to the names he had forged) I will in the words of a celebrated brother historian, anticipate time a little, and gratify the curiosity of my readers with the event of our hero's late exploits.

Notwithstanding the defection of the four *Beer-sellers* who had been sent to market by Mr. *Willan*; and the necessary non-appearance of those created by the doctor, so many of the Squire's chaps stood to their bargains, as gave a colour to the mayor for declaring a majority in his favour; never suspecting that the secret of the packets would rise in judgment against him, as there had not been a word of the matter mentioned during the election, where all his friends had swallowed the bribery-oath thus nicely cooked up; without a wry face.

But he soon found that the stroke was delayed only to make it fall with the greater force. Sir *John Worthland* petitioned against the return, when the whole mystery came out, in circumstances of such complicated folly and wickedness, that the *Nob* not only lost his seat in the most opprobrious manner; but likewise all those, who thought they had taken his bribes so cunningly as to cheat the devil, were deprived of a right, of which they had proved themselves unworthy by such base abuse, and rendered incapable of ever voting for representatives in parliament again.

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The further consequence in respect to the Squire, lost-went our hero's scheme. Hopeless of living with satisfaction in a place where the accomplices in his guilt would incessantly load him with insults and revilings, as the cause of their punishment, and whither the outrageous temper of *Oak-heart*, made him tremble to think of returning, should *Poundage's* contract, which he had missed, and knew not what was become of, fall into his hands, he determined to sell an estate that had involved him in so much trouble and disgrace, and buy another where he might hope for better fortune.

Nor were his fears of *Oak-heart* without foundation. To give the greater force to the blow, *Wilson* contrived to have the contract sent to *Oak-heart* in a blank cover by the penny-post, on the very day that the Squire's disgrace was sealed by the decision of the house. His rage was scarce short of madness. He ran to the house of Mr. *Musbroom*, and not finding him at home, gave vent to it upon the unfortunate *Poundage*, whom he beat to the most desperate degree.

The consequence was, what the Squire had before resolved upon, in such a case. He had him directly bound over to keep the peace; and not thinking himself safe, even so, kept out of his way while he remained in *London*.

But though a man of his fashion could reconcile it to himself, to make such a compromise with fear and shame, the sensations of his unfortunate drape *Oak-heart*, were too poignant to admit of so easy a relief. In order to drown thought, he had drank to such excess while in town, as, together with the agitation of his mind,

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mind, threw him into so violent a fever the very night of his return home, that his life was immediately seen to be in the greatest danger.

All Mr. and Mrs. *Wilson's* resentment gave way to such a situation. They directly visited him; and having, in compassion to his distress, owned that they knew where his daughter was, sent for her, at his most earnest entreaty, to receive his dying benediction.

On *Maria's* arrival at her father's, she found him in a state of still greater danger, than she had apprehended. Happily he was in his senses! If that may be called happiness, which was owing to nature's being no longer able to struggle with the disease; and served only to show him the certain approach of death.

He no sooner perceived her on her knees at his bed-side, than exerting all his strength to pull her to his bosom, "I thank heaven, my child, (said he) for this undeserved mercy of permitting me to give you my blessing; and make you some reparation, if only by acknowledgment, for my late unkindness: an unkindness, which the same heaven can witness, proceeded only from a mistaken excess of love. Where is that good young man, Mr. *Wilson*? let him be called to me!—(then seeing him kneel beside his daughter, for he had accompanied her to the chamber door) God bless you both, my children (he continued) and make you long a blessing to each other. I might have been happy in your happiness, had I not been blinded by an insatuated ambition! but God's will be done! I leave you happy, and I am content."—These were the last words he ever spoke,

spoke, nature seeming to have proportioned his strength to this tender occasion.

As soon as the first flood of her grief subsided, *Maria* consented to fulfil the last expression of her father's will, by giving her hand to *Wilson*, to the universal joy of all their acquaintance, who believed them designed by heaven for each other.

This auspicious union was scarcely completed, when by the death of their uncle in the *West-Indies*, Mrs. *Wilson* and her sister *Macshane*, succeeded to his very considerable fortune, which he had turned into ready money, and remitted to *England*, intending to have come and spent the residue of his days with them; the receipt of which, just when the Squire's estate was set up to sale by auction, enabled the coheiresses to purchase, and settle it upon the young couple.

THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
JUNIPER-JACK.

BOOK II.
CHAPTER I.

OUR hero enjoyed his happiness in the retrospect of his late successes, without thinking of any thing else till he reached the end of the first stage ; when a difficulty occurred that put him considerably to a stand : which was no less, than whither he should steer his course for the next. "The world was all before him where to choose ;" as he had money enough ; but he sought not a place of rest, nor had he any guide.

Calling his wits, therefore, to council, he was considering the matter with that perplexity, which, for want of a fixed point to look to, generally makes the worst choice ; when his meditations were interrupted by a dialogue in the hall of the inn, that diverted his attention from every thing else.

"I tell

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"I tell you again (said a voice, that, from a particular squeak, he knew to be that of the landlord) I will not lend you a penny: and what is more, I will be paid my bill; or I will send for the constable and have you taken up for a vagrant. A very pretty story indeed. A man comes to my house, eats my meat, drinks my liquor, and sleeps in my bed; and when I call for my reckoning, instead of paying it, modestly asks me to lend him more: and all this, because he was once a gentleman forsooth! but I am not to be taken in that way. So either pay me this minute, or to *Bridewell* you go."

"Is't possible! (he was answered in a tone whose weakness spoke misery)

"That man can so forget

"The duty of his nature?—Cancel so

"The debt of gratitude?—That you, who've drunk

"So deeply of my bounty, while the smiles

"Of fortune shone upon me, should refuse

"Some poor assistance to my sharp distress?

"And threaten *Bridewell*, only for four shillings?

"It cannot be! Humanity forbids it."——

The singularity of this speech, which notwithstanding the frequent interruptions of the person to whom it was addressed, was spoken in a manner as singular, prompted Jack to open his door and take a view of the speaker; when he saw an object whose whole appearance showed the most complicated wretchedness; at the same time that there was something in his looks which said he had seen better days.

It has been observed on a former occasion, that *Juniper's* heart wanted not the feelings of humanity.

humanity. He directly threw the inn-keeper his money with a curse ; and then turning to the rescued guest, invited him politely to breakfast. The manner in which his invitation was accepted, added to his favourable sentiments for the stranger so much, that learning he was going to *London*, he offered to give him a lift so far as he himself went that way. The thanks which he received for this timely beneficence, were expressed in terms he had never before heard, in the intercourse of life. The fields of poetic fancy were ransacked for flowers to dress up gratitude in the most gaudy colours ; and all the powers of action exerted in its utterance.

On *Juniper's* desiring him to get into the chaise—"When I have held familiarity with better clothes (said he, affecting to hang back) I should have been eager for the honour of accompanying you. But at present I am so muddled in fortune's mood, that I fear I may smell somewhat strong of her displeasure."—Suffering himself however, to be easily persuaded, he took his place ; when he continued his conversation in such a strain, as raised *Jack's* curiosity to the highest to know who, or what he could be ; but the rapidity with which his tongue ran, gave him not opportunity even to lead to the gratification of it ; till their arrival at the next stage, where he ordered dinner, as the only means of stopping his mouth, during his eager engagement at which, he at length found a silent minute to express his wonder, that a gentleman of the other's abilities, education, and address, should be in such unhappy circumstances.

This hint, though not immediately taken, passed not unnoticed. As soon as the stranger had answered the more urgent demands of his stomach, and the waiters were withdrawn, "The wonder you expressed just now, sir! (said he without the least embarrassment) at my present situation, will be heightened when you hear that simple as I stand before you, I have sustained with approbation, the first characters in the state; but we, who sit on fortune's wheel, must expect a change of situation as it goes round.

"I have harangued the most grave and reverend signors in the senate with success; faced death in the embattled front of war; and even supported the weight of a crown and dignity. Nor is this all! To show myself equal to every state of life, I have thought it not beneath me, to put on a livery and wait upon my friend, for our common interest; and have even recommended a turn on the highway to many a young adventurer, by the ease with which I supported myself under the worst consequences that attend it."

The conclusion of this curious account, put an end to the surprise with which the first part of it struck our hero. "I understand you, at length, sir! (he replied with a smile) You have been an *Actor*, and played all these parts upon the stage."

"And pray, sir! (returned the stranger) what is the great difference between playing them on the stage, and in real life?"

"Is not all the world a stage?"

"And all the men and women merely players?"

"Who have their exits, and their entrances."

"And one man, in his life, plays many parts."

"At

“At least if there is any difference, I believe upon examination, it will not be found to be to the disadvantage of the stage; to act a part upon which certainly requires greater abilities than in real life, as experience sufficiently proves. For what actor could get his bread by playing senators, statesmen, generals, or even kings, in the manner we see those characters bungled in the world?—Would he not be hissed and pelted off the stage, for any one of the innumerable blunders which are persisted in by the others, in defiance of detection, complaint, and reproach.”

“Nor is it only in the abilities necessary to perform the parts, that the stage will be found to have the advantage: you will wonder probably to hear me say, that it exceeds real life as much in the points most essential to happiness. If any character, for instance, displeases an actor, he can lay it down and try another; whereas in life, that is not so easy to be done. Do you think there ever was a minister of state, or royal favourite, who on finding his measures unsuccessful, and his master either not willing, or not able to support him against the public resentment, would not have been glad to slip behind the curtain, and shift his masque with harlequin, if he could?—Or a prince, who when he found his ministers incapable, insolent, or unfaithful, and his people discontented, would not most willingly have exchanged the cares of a crown, for safety and quiet in private life?”

“If you should imagine that the reality of the advantages in the one, over-balances this conveniency in the other; a moment's reflection will show you your mistake. The greatest

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of modern philosophers has proved, that nothing exists in this world but in idea. Now as a good actor enters into his part, so totally as to think himself for the time, the very man he personates, is he not then that man? I am certain that *Garrick* or I have enjoyed the sovereignty as fully, and with as much haughtiness of heart, while we have been playing *Richard*, as ever that tyrant did in his life. Indeed so, entirely did the idea take possession of us, that we never after could shake it entirely off."

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

WHIMSICAL as his companion's arguments seemed to our hero, there was at the same time something so new and entertaining to him in them, that he resolved to continue the subject. He answered therefore, that he could conceive all this pretty well; but still, that there was one circumstance which tempted him to suspect all those advantages to be rather imaginary than real; which was, that he who had sustained so many capital parts, and that so ably, should have fallen into so low a state, as he appeared to be in at present.

"I acknowledge the force of your objection, sir! (replied the actor) but, though we only mimic the actions, we feel all the passions of real life. Ambition is the weakness of the most exalted minds; and to that I have fallen a martyr; as *Cæsar Lee*, and many other great men have done before me. This, my dear friend!—

"For such a voice divine, that speaks within me,

"And whispers to my soul, you well deserve

"That sacred name, emboldens me to call you"—

"This, I say, is the cause of my present appearance: an appearance, I am persuaded, ordained by heaven, only to give you an opportunity of displaying your munificence."

This sublime address did not entirely miss the desired effect. The first hint he had given of his

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his being an actor, awoke a curiosity our hero had long felt to be better acquainted with that versatile profession, which he thought he could never have a more favourable opportunity of gratifying than the present. To induce his fellow-traveller therefore, to open himself without reserve, he resolved to relieve his wants; but not too suddenly, nor all at once, the conduct of his late companion the Jew, having taught him, that complaisance seldom lasts longer than expectation.

"I should be happy, sir! (he answered) to alleviate a distress to which I am persuaded you are not habituated: but really my ability is not equal to my inclination. Here are a couple of guineas to buy shoes and stockings, and a pair of breeches, of all which you are in immediate want; and as I find myself too lazy to go any farther to-day, you are welcome to stay with me if you think proper.

The sight of the gold made the actor's eyes sparkle with joy. "Heaven (said he, as he reached his hand for the welcome strangers) will not let so generous a spirit long want power; the happy arrival of which, I will attend with pleasure. But, in the mean time, immediately as the things you mention are wanting, yet are they not the only things of which my want is as immediate. For, near though my shirt, yet nearer is my skin; but where that skin is without a shirt, the want is then most truly near."—saying which, he flung open his bosom, and discovered to our hero an expedient which he had never heard of before. This was a rag tied round his neck, to represent a shirt, and pinned to his waistcoat both before and behind, to prevent its rising;

rising; while the rest of his body was innocent of the luxury of linen.

The sight raised our hero's wonder, equally with his pity. He had taken notice that his sleeves were buttoned so close that nothing like a shirt appeared: but this he thought might be only to hide its dirtiness. The actor, who saw he was affected, resolved to pursue the stroke. "You see, sir! (he continued, with an expressive shrug) this is but a bad shift, for I cannot call it a shirt, and cries aloud for relief."

"A shift indeed! (answered Jack, unable to suppress his laughter at the conceit) and such a one, and I never should have thought of. But have a good heart: This want also shall be relieved."—Having said which, he went to his cloak-bag, and giving him a shirt, retired to the window while he put it on, having no stomach to see farther into his situation.

As soon as the actor had finished his dressing, Jack resolved to lead the conversation back to the stage. "You have set forth the advantages of the theatric life (said he) in very lively colours; but you have omitted the disagreeable circumstances attending it; which to my apprehension, must greatly over-balance those advantages: particularly the anxiety of depending even for a subsistence, upon so uncertain a thing as the applause of the public."

"I must beg leave, my dear sir! (answered the actor, whose spirits were now raised so high, that he forgot he had ever felt distress) to tell you, that is all a mistake. Instead of being subject to more disagreeable circumstances than any other profession, I will venture to say, on the contrary, that it is the profession in the world,
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the circumstances of which are the most truly agreeable. And why?—We are a world in ourselves; where we pull off the masque, and enjoy with freedom all those pleasures, which compliance with that tyrant, Custom, obliges the rest of mankind to refrain from; or at least, indulge with a restraint which pallis the stinted enjoyment. With us—

“ No nymph is coy or cruel! no swain pines!
 “ The lordly actor ranges through the field;
 “ And from the crowd singling his female out,
 “ Enjoys her—and abandons her at will.”——

As the divine *Otway* sings of the bull, that sultan of the brute creation.”

“ In respect to the precariousness of our subsistence, that only sweetens its relish; as the applause we obtain, abundantly compensates for our anxiety to obtain it. But to put the superiority of our profession out of doubt at once I appeal to yourself if there is any other, the excelling in which, can over-balance every possible defect in moral character and conduct. Let a man or woman be but famous on the stage, and they shall be received into the best company, and treated with respect, however infamous in every other light.”

This account, though not received without some limitation, gave *Juniper* a strong desire to take a peep behind the curtain, at least, if not perhaps a step upon the stage himself. He was not of a temper to fear success in any thing he should attempt; beside, that his powers of imitation, or as it is generally called, mimicry, seemed to ensure it here; where that equally
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sublime, sensible, and instructive art is received with more respect, than any original expression of sentiment or passion. His time also was truly his own; that is to say, he had no particular way of employing it in view, which should deter him from embracing any other.

Not that this was the first time he had felt such an inclination. The applause he had received for his performance in a play acted at the school where he had been bred, had fired him with so strong a passion for theatric fame, as had made him slight every other study, from that to the time of his elopement. A common consequence of that judicious custom, and to which the stage has owed many an actor.

C H A P. III.

THIS thought no sooner struck him, than he resolved to carry it into execution, if possible, by means of his present companion; with whom, however, he could perceive that it was necessary for him to proceed with circumspection, to avoid being made the property of his assurance. Instead, therefore, of discovering his intention, he pretended to dissuade the actor from pursuing any farther a profession, in which he had been so badly treated; especially, as he apprehended his present shabby condition would be an insurmountable obstacle to his being received into any reputable company.

But this was only preaching to the wind. The actor was so wedded to his way of life, or perhaps so conscious of his being unqualified for any other, that he would not hear a word against it. The objection of his present nakedness, he treated with the utmost indifference. — “As we never appear in our own characters! (said he, with a smile of self-complacency) so are the cloaths we appear in, seldom or never our own. Our wardrobe is open to the whole community; where we moult as freely as the birds of the air. The most famous of our fraternity, though he afterwards drove in his coach and four, made his first appearance in a borrowed shirt. These are matters so common, that they pass unnoticed with us, whose constant representation of imaginary

ginary distresses, makes those which are real set light upon us."

"But the best way to give you a proper notion of the interior policy and happiness of our common-wealth, will be to recount my own history, both before and since I became a member of it; the incidents of which will illustrate what I have advanced, better than any dry detail of ordinances, often more honoured in the breach than the observance; which, if the tale will be agreeable to you, I will relate incontinently, as there yet remains more than an hour till the shades of night shall tempt the bird of *Pallas* from her dusky retreat; along with whom I mean to fall forth, in order to new-sledge my tattered plumage."

Our hero signifying his assent; his companion, as soon as he had settled his ideas with a dish of coffee, began as follows:

"I might, if I were so inclined, derive my descent from as exalted a source, as any in the *High-lands* of *Scotland*, or mountains of *Wales*; but I scorn so base a pre-eminence. Let those who cannot acquire honour by their actions, claim it from their ancestry!—I am, myself, my own original.—My name is *Buskin*! *London* gave me birth; where my father, by the rigid observance of those vulgar virtues, industry and frugality, scraped together a genteel fortune. A ray of genius gilding my earliest youth, he was prevailed upon to put me to *Merchant-Tailor's* school; not so much for the sake of my education, for he thought all the time thrown away that was spent in learning any thing beyond the four first rules of arithmetic; but that he might

acquaint me with the mysteries of the trade, and have
all.

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have something for his money, being himself a member of the *cross-legged* company."

"But no sooner did that advantage cease, than equally deaf to my own entreaties, and the advice of my masters, who promised themselves a share in that rich harvest of honour, which they knew I should reap from my abilities if properly cultivated, he bound me—O! word disgraceful to the freeborn soul!—He bound me, I say, to his own illiberal trade; where I was obliged to drudge on like a blinded mill-horse, in the same dull round of pricking a rag, for seven tedious years.

"But though he kept my legs crossed, he could not keep my thoughts from wandering in the fields of fancy; and forming schemes of future pleasure, when time should kindly give me the opening of those bags which he was now so anxious to shut close.

"At length this happy day arrived, just as I had written man; or in the phrase of common use, was of age. How I paid myself for the time I had lost, I need not say. Every enjoyment that youth had taste for, and affluence could procure, was mine.—

The morn arose, but to behold my pleasure
And every night was conscious to my joy!

"In short, my industry so far out-went that of my father, that I dissipated in three years, what he had spent more than thirty in scraping together.

"I shall not put myself to the pain of repeating, because I know it would give you pain to hear, the expedients I made use of to prolong the

the golden reign of pleasure. These expedients, though, were no sooner discovered, than they failed of their effect. No tradesman would trust, no acquaintance lend, when once it was known that I wanted credit.

"I had leisure to reflect on the instability of human happiness, and the ingratitude of the world, in the *Fleet*; where I was soon recommended to lodgings by my tailor; who had been my father's foreman, and to whom I had lent money to carry on the business, which I thought beneath myself.

"But the government knew too well the value of my abilities, to let the public be long deprived of them by his sordid ingratitude. At the end of eighteen months I was restored to my liberty by an act of the whole legislature, which, with equal wisdom and benevolence, interposed in my favour.

"The difficulty now was, how I should support myself with proper dignity, in a world, with which I had broken off all friendship. I had formed many schemes in my retirement; but the same poverty which suggested, proved an insuperable obstacle to the execution of them. I was compelled, therefore, by that restless tyrant, hunger, to cross my legs once more on the shop-board; and work at a trade I despised, for bread I could not do without. *Spauld* had kept sheep; *Hercules* spun; and *Jerry Thimble* turned tailor."

"*Thimble!* (interrupted *Yart*) I thought your name had been *Rustin*?"

"Equal. O my friend! (answered the actor) my name at present is *Rustin*. But this is only a name of assumption, which after the example
bid I "

of

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of the Sovereign Pontiffs, who always change their names on their election to the triple crown, and probably for the same reason as I did, to prevent a retrospect to their former state, I quitted the name of *Thimble* on my ascending the stage, and took this of *Bustin*, as better suited to my new profession.

"It must not be thought, that I descended to the low expedient of resuming my trade before I had made trial of every other. As I had received from nature a spark of the poetic fire, and had made the theatre one of my chief amusements, I devoted the solitary hours of my retreat from the world, to writing a tragedy, which I carried with confidence to the manager as soon as I emerged into life again; not doubting but he would gladly receive so bright an ornament to the stage; for not to say more, for fear you should suspect me of a parent's partiality:

"Take it for all in all I never shall I see its like again."

"But judge you! for I cannot express! what was my astonishment, my indignation, to be answered with a sneer, that a tailor's tragedy would never do.

"The occasion obliged me to bridle my resentment. I quoted precedents from other trades. I asked, in what was a tailor inferior to a tinker, or a stay-maker. I pressed only for a trial. But all was in vain! The ridiculousness of a tailor's attempting to write a tragedy, was all the answer I could obtain, though my having been bred to my father's trade was never made an objection to receiving my treats and presents, while I was spending the fortune he had acquired

"I did

"I did not, however, let this treatment escape unpunished. As soon as my hopes were at an end, I gave a loose to my resentment; and made the manager know that if my pen was not good, my sheers at least were sharp; and a tailor could be a satirist, though he would not allow him to write a tragedy. Indignation made the verse. I raked up every topic of abuse and scandal that could be applied to man, to weave a garland for his brow, till I obliged him to hide his diminished head under the wing of the law; for, provided the satire is severe, the world never enquires whether it is just or not."

CHAP. IV.

"WHEN this favourite hope failed me, I turned my talents to politics, and in plain prose attacked both men and measures, with a virulence, which I thought, could not have failed to procure me either a pension or a pillory; the latter of which the spirit of patriotism would make equivalent to the former. But though I had the encouragement of precedents, where both had been obtained, the same unhappy obstacle disappointed me here again; and I had the mortification to find, that a tailor's politics were treated with as much contempt as his poetry, only because I was known to be poor; the son of one of my father's journeymen, who had amassed a fortune by doing the dirty jobs of administration,

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ministration, and botching up their blunders, being at that very time made a minister of state.

“As I was confident that these disappointments had not proceeded from any defect in my abilities, I resolved to make one effort more; and try what I could do by working for the book-sellers; for a society of whom I set up a new review, as the best opportunity for displaying my judgment, and at the same time indulging my spleen against all those who had met with better success. But I was soon glad to change the trade of a journeyman author, for that of a journeyman tailor, in which the slavery was not only less, but the wages also greater. If the business was not quite so genteel, I could eat by it at least; which was more than I could always do by the other, as I had often found by hungry experience.

“But after a little time, that is to say, as soon as my hunger was well appeased, my soul revolted against such debasement, and I resolved to die, at least, if I could not live like a gentleman.

“For this heroic purpose I listed directly along with a number of the cross-legged fraternity, whom I had inspired with the same generous sentiments, in a new regiment of cavalry, which was just ready to take the field; where I soon reaped a plentiful crop of laurels, but far from obtaining either of the objects of my military passion, I found myself at the end of the campaign, in the same piteous plight, as when I set out.

“Of all the stations in life, that of a private soldier is the most miserable; especially in the cavalry, when he has the drudgery of an hostler
added

added to his care for himself. I soon got such a surfeit of glory, that I made a pretence of my great interest among the *knights of the needle*, to be sent home in a recruiting party, where I gave my officer the slip; and happening to have some of the regiment's money about me, for I was pay-master to the party in his absence, I resolved to take a tour into *Ireland*, to gratify my curiosity with a view of that renowned country, whose peasants are princes, and where patriotism is fed upon like potatoes.

“To avoid the trouble of so many visits, as I knew I should receive from that polite and sensible people, who never think they can pay compliments enough to an *Englishman*, even though they are aware that he comes to pick their pockets; I exchanged the livery of my sovereign for that of a subject, and assumed the character of a footman, which I was not utterly unqualified to support, having occasionally waited upon one of our officers, while we were in quarters, to lighten the double weight of duty and of hunger.

“My situation on my arrival in *Dublin* was far from being agreeable. My travelling had made a horrid hole in my privy purse, which I was totally at a loss how to repair; in a place where I was an utter stranger; and where resources are by no means so ready as in *London*; even the road, the last resource of the brave, being so barren, as not to make it worth while to hazard a sore throat by taking an airing.

“I was now reduced to my last shilling, without seeing any way of getting another; when fortune, tired of persecuting me so long, presented to my view a face once familiar to me, as
I was

I was trying the wretch's last expedient of walking away my appetite in *St. Stephen's Green*.

"My surprise was so great, that I could not help staring at her, in such a manner, as struck her notice; when she also thought she knew me; but so exactly were our stations reversed since our last interview, when she waited on a lady of pleasure, with whom I sometimes dallied away an hour, that we could hardly trust our senses.

"Her appearance was now so brilliant, that I knew not how to address her in my shabby condition. But she soon removed this difficulty. Beckoning me to her, she asked with an encouraging smile, if I had not formerly lived with *Squire Thimble*.

"The confusion into which this mortifying question threw me, convincing her that she was not mistaken; she desired me to follow her home, when she should leave the Green, and then continued her walk.

"What I felt as I walked after her chair, is not to be described. My pride would have revolted at first, but hunger, which can tame a lion, soon stared it out of countenance, and reconciled me to my fate."

CHAP. V.

“ON my arrival at her house, I was not let to wait long before I was summoned to her presence, when nodding to her servant to withdraw, “Good Heaven! (said she) Mr. *Thimble*, what “misfortune can have reduced you to this condition? I scarcely can believe my senses that “it is you!”

“Encouraged by the manner in which she spoke, I gave her, in few words, a sketch of my story, as I have here related it to you; to which she listened with the most tender attention, saying at every pause, “’Twas strange! ’twas pitiful! ’twas wondrous! ’twas pitiful!”

“As soon as I had ended, good-nature crowned the work which curiosity had begun. “Your story, Mr. *Thimble* (said she) is more affecting than uncommon. Such falls happen every day. What I think most strange is, that “you should not have found some better method of retrieving your affairs. There are “various ways open to a young fellow of your figure and abilities.”—Then pulling out her purse, “Take this (she continued, giving me “five guineas) and when you have put yourself in better trim, let me see you again. In “the mean time I will consider how I can help “you further, for I am not like your other “friends. I do not forget former times. At “pre-

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“ present I can say no more, as I every moment
 “ look for my friend to dinner. At twelve to-
 “ morrow, I shall expect you.”—

“ Such was my astonishment at this sudden
 change in my fortune, that I could scarcely be-
 lieve it real. I fancied—I feared that it was no
 more than a dream; and on my going into the
 street, pinched myself black and blue to be cer-
 tain that I was awake.

“ This is the air! (said I) that is the glorious sun!—
 “ This gold she gave me! I do feel’t and see’t!—
 “ And tho’ ’tis wonder, that awraps me thus;
 “ Yet ’tis not madness.”—

“ Then to have the most convincing, and at
 the same time, the most agreeable proof of the
 reality of my good fortune; I went directly to
 a cook’s shop, and once more blessed my stomach
 with a good dinner.

“ Having thus happily removed my doubts,
 and set my heart at ease, I released out of du-
 rance vile, a couple of my late captain’s shirts,
 which in the hurry of decamping, I had brought
 away along with my own, and then repaired to
 a *circulating ward-robe*, where I deposited my
 rags, and at a moderate price appropriated to
 myself so much of the public stock, as put me
 once more in a decent appearance.

“ When I waited on my friend next day, she
 expressed great pleasure at the alteration in my
 looks. “ I have been torturing my brain (said
 “ she) ever since I saw you yesterday, to find
 “ out some way of serving you, at least so far
 “ as to enable you to live with decency and
 “ comfort; and can see but one in which I
 “ think

“ think you have any prospect of success. But
 “ before I tell you what that is, I will satisfy the
 “ curiosity which I am sensible you must feel, to
 “ know by what means I have so greatly mended
 “ my station since you last saw me in *London*.

“ The lady in whose company I saw you,
 “ having a connection with one of the first gen-
 “ tlemen on the stage, I took the opportunity of
 “ going so often to the play, through his means,
 “ that I at length fancied I saw into the mystery
 “ of the profession of an actress, and flattered
 “ myself I did not want talents for succeeding
 “ in it.

“ Though my station in life was so much
 “ against me, that I could scarcely hope to be
 “ received into any company, the thought of
 “ there being a possibility of changing it so
 “ much for the better, was such a spur to my
 “ industry, that I soon made myself perfect in
 “ several parts, which I fancied to be particu-
 “ larly suited to my powers; and then had the
 “ courage to offer myself to a manager, who
 “ was beating up for volunteers, for a summer’s
 “ expedition in the country; who not making
 “ any objection to my character, because, per-
 “ haps none who had a better would engage with
 “ him, put me to the proof of my abilities,
 “ which appeared in so promising a light to him,
 “ that he received me without hesitation.

“ Though my first campaign proved not
 “ more fortunate than yours in respect to im-
 “ mediate profit, our manager fairly bilking us
 “ all, I was not so far discouraged by the disap-
 “ pointment, as to desert my colours as you did.
 “ On the contrary, I ventured boldly on my re-
 “ turn to town to offer myself to the theatre
 “ most

“most in fashion; where it was my good fortune not only to be received, but also to have my endeavours find favour with the public.

“From that time I have gone on, advancing regularly to my present rank upon the stage, which I think is the only walk open to you, with any probability of success. You are a young fellow of parts; you have a good figure; and if you miscarry, it will certainly be your own fault, as I will undertake to introduce you with all the advantages which I wanted myself, having such an interest with our manager, that I am confident he will not refuse any one whom I recommend. Nor will your former profession, should it be discovered, raise any prejudice against you here, as it did in your former attempts, there being few of our heroes who have had so good.”

“This was a scheme so exactly to my taste, that I wondered it had never occurred to me. I applied myself therefore to it with such assiduity, and profited so well by her instruction, that she had the satisfaction to find her judgment of me confirmed; my first essays being so well approved, that I was readily admitted into the foremost rank of the company, where, to avoid wrong constructions being put upon our intimacy, I was passed for her brother, for which, as well as some other reasons not necessary to be mentioned, I had changed my name for hers of *Buskin*, on her first taking me under her protection.

“My happiness was now truly complete. The poverty I had lately been *soused* in, sweetened my present affluence. Every lady of taste and fashion smiled upon me. Every young gentleman of wit and spirit sought my company.

In

In a word, I now received the favours I had formerly conferred.

“This happy sun-shine lasted as long as my friend *Fanny* continued in our company, but no sooner did she leave us, than I experienced a change. Her prudence it was which alone kept me from overletting in this tide of prosperity; “for with all my sail I carried not one ounce of ballast.” So that when I lost this rudder, I immediately ran adrift.”

CHAP. VI.

“MY success had long attracted the envy of several of the company, whose vanity made them think themselves not inferior to me, and who therefore murmured at the preference shown me by the manager. As I knew my own merit, I attributed this preference solely to that; but she had scarcely left us, when I discovered my mistake, and that I owed it to her influence; merit alone being little more regarded in mimic, than in real life. The parts for which I never had a competitor before, were now taken from me without even the civility of assigning a reason for so flagrant an affront. Such injustice was not to be borne. I first expostulated coolly with the manager, and when I found my words were of no weight, my resentment transported me so far, that I threw my articles in his face, in full *Green-room*.”

“I

"I had flattered myself that the public would support me in so just an exertion of spirit. But I soon found that I had reckoned without mine host. High as I had stood in their favour while I had the opportunity of displaying my merits every day before them, I was no sooner out of their sight, than I was no more thought of. To say the truth, "I had not borne my faculties so meekly," as to make many friends.

"I now had reason to repent my having neglected the advice of my friend *Fanny*, "to make hay while the sun shone,"—instead of which, I had not only dissipated all my acquisitions, but also contracted heavy debts; a situation, the consequence of which I was already too well acquainted with to desire any further experience of it. As I knew, therefore, that a reconciliation with the manager after so gross an affront, was impossible, without giving up my rank upon the stage, and making personal concessions, which my soul disdained; I decamped without beat of drum, and returned to *England*, though my finances were far from being in proper order for travelling.

"My plan would have been to go directly to *London*, where as I was confident my fame had gone before me, I could not fear bettering myself by the change. But there was an objection which over-balanced this advantage, certain as it was.

"Though no one had ever thought of going to *Ireland* to look for *Ferry Thimble*, the light dragoon, in the person of *Mr. Bustin* the celebrated tragedian; I knew it was next to impossible but I must meet some of my military comrades in *London*, with whom I had not the least desire

desire to renew my acquaintance; as the little account between me and the regiment had never been settled. For this weighty reason, therefore I determined to steer my course to *Norwich*, where I understood there was a flourishing company, among whom I could not doubt of being received with readiness.

“Accordingly, I had no sooner announced myself to the manager on my arrival, than he admitted me without hesitation to a display of my abilities, in which I was so great the two first evenings of my appearing, that I had just reason to expect he would receive me into partnership with him in his undertaking; but alas!—

—“The third day came a frost, a killing frost!

“And when I thought, good easy man, full surely

“My greatness was a ripening, nipp’d my root;

“And then I fell!—

“As I was sitting in the coffee-house the morning after my second performance, enjoying the full tribute of applause paid to my abilities, whom should envious fortune send into the room but the officer I had deserted from when I went upon my *Hibernian* expedition. He was too well acquainted with my face not to know it through any disguise.” “So scoundrel, (said he, seising me by the throat, before I had power or presence of mind to attempt making any resistance), ‘have I caught you at last? I’ll take care you shall not give me the slip again.’—

“As soon as I recovered myself enough to speak, I endeavoured to evade his charge, by denying that I was the man he meant; as a proof of which I pleaded the difference of my name. But that plea was soon over-ruled. An

actor, I was answered, changed his name so often, to avoid being traced by it, that he forfeited all right to any; at least so far as to avail himself of such a mistake. Beside, the confusion I betrayed at his first seising me was looked upon as so clear a proof of my guilt, that the very company who but the moment before held themselves honoured by my notice, helped to drag me away before a magistrate, by whom I was directly committed to prison.

“ My situation appeared now truly desperate. All the horrors of death, aggravated by ignominy, stared me in the face. I had scarce money enough in my pocket to save me from being stripped by the rapacity of my fellow-prisoners; and when I applied to the manager for payment for the nights I had played for him, he had the insolent cruelty to send me a single guinea. Deserted, persecuted thus on every side, I had no resource but in my generous friend *Fanny*; whom shame, for having so unhappily neglected her advice to make provision for a rainy day, had hitherto prevented me from writing to, since my affair in *Dublin*.

“ But this was no time for delicacy. I directly wrote her a true account of my condition, when she, never tired of doing good, exerted herself so effectually in my favour with the colonel, who happily was a particular friend of hers, that the next post brought me my discharge, and another seasonable supply of five guineas; but along with them an absolute interdiction ever to apply to her again, as she found that serving me was to no purpose.

“ But expeditious as she had been, her beneficence had like to have come too late. I was
seised

seised with the jail fever the day after I wrote to her, which rose to such an height, that I was insensible of the relief she sent me when it arrived; in which state I continued till nature at length got the better of my disease, just as the disease had, with the help of the doctor, consumed the money she sent me, as well as what remained of the price of my wardrobe, which my landlord at the inn sold to pay himself; when I was turned out in the condition you see by my nurse-keeper, who had taken me to her own house on my being discharged from the jail, that she might manage my affairs with more convenience.

“As soon as the sparing hand of charity supplied me with strength to walk, I sought my way to the place where it was my happy fortune to meet you; in expectation that the landlord, who had once been my *Valet-de-Chambre*, would have assisted me to proceed to *London*, to throw myself once more upon my best friend *Fanny*'s generosity.

“This, my dear sir, is the history of your humble servant. My life, hitherto, has had rather too many black spots in the chequering; but I flatter myself, that fate would not have saved me in so many hair-breadth 'scapes to let me sink now; and that I shall be enabled by your assistance to tread the stage with dignity, and taste of happiness once more.”

C H A P. VII.

THOUGH the player's own success supported but badly the encomiums, he had so liberally bestowed upon his profession; there were some circumstances in his story which had a considerable effect upon our hero. The freedom, in which he said, the denizens of the stage lived among themselves, blew up a fire in his breast, which, though he might have occasionally felt some sparks of it before, never flamed with such violence, till fanned with this description. He was confirmed therefore in his scheme of mixing with a society which promised him so much pleasure, and whose very evils would be only matter of amusement to him, as he had the remedy always in his power by returning home.

Not that he attributed his companion's misfortunes entirely to the uncertainty of the profession either. He rather doubted his merit in it, as he had never known an instance of an actor's failing, who had not wanted that to support him; the public, true to the opinion of the philosopher, that pleasure is the *greatest good*, being more regardful of merit in those who minister to it, than in any other instance or affair of life.

Having thanked him therefore for the entertainment he had received from his curious history. "There are some things (he continued) which

which you have omitted, though interesting to curiosity. You have not told which was your walk, so I think you call it, upon the stage, the tragic or the comic, as I have never heard of more than a single instance of an actor, eminent in either, who did not attach himself particularly to one."—

"Whether there might not another instance be added to the one you mean! (answered the actor with a significant smile) is not for me to say. Nature always, true to herself, impelled me to the tragic scene, where I could do justice to the powers she had blessed me with, by supporting with proper dignity the exalted characters of kings and heroes.

"Not that I did not sometimes stoop to put on the sock also. I have amused myself with singing a song in *Macbeth*, or playing a game at snip-snap, with *Beatrice* in *Benedick*. But this was only to unbend my mind, and obviate any fancied competition for public favour, from eminence in that humble cast; to pursue which farther would have been a disgraceful abuse of my abilities."—

"So then (replied our hero) you think it requires greater abilities in an actor to succeed in tragedy, than in comedy?"—

"Most certainly (returned *Buskin*) as much as a court exceeds a cottage, or a king is above a cobbler."

"Now so it unluckily happens (retorted *Jack*, unable to miss so fair an opportunity for letting him down a peg or two) that my opinion is directly contrary to yours; as I am clear that the powers necessary to form a good comedian, are as much superior to those requisite for making a

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figure in tragedy, at least, as we see it acted, as nature is above grimace: and for this I appeal to the unerring proof of experience.

“For if it was even equally difficult to succeed in tragedy as in comedy, what can be the reason why ten make a shift to figure away in the former, for one who can be even tolerated in the latter?—Whence comes it that every blockhead who can rant in a loud voice, and strut upon the stage like a turkey-cock when his tail is up, plays every character in tragedy, while the best actors, who are at present, or perhaps ever were upon the stage, are afraid to venture into genteel comedy?—Why have we so many *Richards* and *Romcos*, and not one *Bevil*, or *Lord Townly*?—It certainly is either that the latter require much greater abilities, which you have already denied!—or that in order to act the character of a gentleman, a man must have been bred one; which is what I apprehend few of the fraternity can boast, however unwilling they may be to own it. For how is it to be expected that a man, bred a tailor, or a barber, should have the deportment of people, whom he has never conversed with, but in conscious inferiority, and on the narrow subject of an illiberal trade.”

“Upon the whole, the fact is, that as the characters in tragedy are for much the greater part out of common life, the audience is not so well qualified to judge whether they are properly filled or not, as in comedy; which representing the life they are acquainted with, they therefore are able to judge of the representation.”

Though some parts of this judicious disquisition might not be entirely to the taste of the actor,

actor, he knew his business too well to take any notice of it if he really did feel it; his sensibility not being much greater than the delicacy of his new friend. He only replied therefore with a shrug equally expressive of contempt, or acquiescence, that different people were of different opinions, which on the whole was for the better, as it afforded support to the greater numbers.

“There is also another particular (said Jack, never tired of teasing) which you forgot to tell; that is, what became of your tragedy. When you were on the stage in so distinguished a light, it is not to be supposed that it would be refused by the managers, or could miscarry in the acting; as you would naturally play in it yourself, and must be best able to enter into the spirit of your own work.”

“That is very true (answered the actor) but, my dear sir, the moment I ascended the stage, the case was quite altered with me. I scorned to appear in so low a light as that of an author, than which there is no human character an actor looks down upon with more contempt; as is sufficiently evident from our manner of treating them, when they offer their works to the stage. For you must not think that the objections we make arise from any defects which we discover in them. That is a matter about which we never give ourselves any trouble; our objections are always to the author, not to his abilities.”

“So then (said Jack, unable to restrain a smile at such mock importance) the case of a poor author is harder even than I thought it. He

is

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is literally the servant of the servants of the public."

"And that justly (answered *Buſkin*) for to what but our performance of their plays do they owe their acceptance with the public, and of course the reputation and profit they acquire by them? What play that was refused by the stage, ever paid for the printing, even though a subscription was begged for it?—Or what play that was acted ever escaped damnation, if the actors did not exert themselves in the representation?

"As to my playing in my own tragedy, as you hinted, that would have been still more out of character, even had I brought it on! no man of any feeling could attempt to appear in the double light of an actor and an author at the same time. We have the proof of a recent instance, that not all the force of public favour, all the parade of pomp and show, could balance the ridiculous mummery of a poet's chaunting his own rhapsodies. Whatever it might have done in the days of old *Homer*, that method of begging won't take now."

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

WHILE the actor went to dress at his usual wardrobe, an old-clothes shop, our hero, whose opinion of him was not much raised by his own story, took the opportunity to secure his watch and purse upon his person, as he had done against his former companion, the Jew; after which he set his wits to work in forming a plan for his further proceeding with him, as he walked back and forwards in the room; being afraid even to trust his cloak-bag in the reach of so experienced a marauder, by going out.

He had not amused himself long in this manner, when he heard the tragedian ascend the stairs singing; such spirits had Jack's late generosity, and the further hopes he built upon it, given him.

"My best! my dearest friend! (said he, as he entered the room, throwing out his leg in a tragedy strut) you see the fruits of your munificence. This limb, thus properly equipped to show its just proportions, moves as itself again. But—How shall I speak what modesty forbids?—And yet—Why should my heart indulge a fear?—To whom, but to a friend, should friendship speak."—

This fussian, which at first had diverted our hero, was now become nauseous. He cut him short therefore in the middle of his rant; and desired that he would descend from the clouds to common sense, if he had any thing to say.

E 5,

After

After a pause of over-acted hesitation, the tragedian answered, that at the place where he had bought his breeches he had seen a suit of clothes, which fitted him as well as if they had been made for him; and were to be sold for so little as three guineas, though they must have cost twenty, and were scarcely soiled in the wearing—adding with a sigh, that if his generous friend would assist him to purchase them, he would faithfully return him the money out of his first earnings on the stage, while the obligation should remain imprinted on his grateful heart to the last minute of his life.

Though Jack was sufficiently sensible of the modesty of this request, there were reasons which made him not altogether averse from complying with it. Beside the reluctance he felt in himself to being seen in company with one in such a shabby trim, he was more than apprehensive, that light as the other had affected to make of such matters, it would defeat his scheme of being introduced by him to the stage, at least to any effect.

Not to make the favour he held cheap however, by granting it too readily, he answered coldly, that he thought from his own account, the gentlemen of his profession always dressed from the general wardrobe. “True, my dear sir! (replied the actor) so we do. But that is only for the stage. In our private capacities we wear our own clothes; and as the world is too apt to judge from appearances, I fear that my presenting myself in this *disfhabille* might marr my hopes by making them suspect me for an impostor; as indeed, who could ever think that a man of my eminence should fall so low?”

“Well!

"Well! (returned Jack) and if I should be inclined to assist you, how much do you want? —You have not laid out all your money I suppose! —Not absolutely all! (said Buskin with a sigh, and shake of his head) but still, my dear sir, the finances of your friend are in no very flourishing state. Here is the whole strength of my privy purse! (pulling out a shilling and a few halfpence) for the rest I must depend upon your bounty! Do, my *Mecenas*! assist your *Horace* this time, and he will erect a monument to your alms, more lasting than brass."

"Then you must take the materials from your forehead! (said Jack, unable to suppress his laughter.) But if I should assist you in this matter, what assurance have you of better success at York than you met at Norwich; where the payment you received did not shew that your abilities were rated very high?

"The assurance of hope (answered Buskin) the ground upon which all great enterprises are undertaken. Nor is that all. The manager here is my intimate friend. We supped together once at a nobleman's house in *Dublin*, where we rehearsed *Pylades* and *Orestes*; when the warmth with which he returned my embrace, as I spoke these words, O *Pylades*, what's life without a friend?—convinced me, that I had won his heart."

"Well! (replied Jack) since you have so fair a prospect, you shall not be disappointed for three guineas. Here they are! and as my business leads me through *York*, I will e'en let you down there."

It is impossible for a man in his sober senses to describe the raptures with which the happy
Buskin

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Baylis expressed his gratitude for such unexampled generosity. He bow'd he bent his knee; and hugg'd him to his heart, while he poured forth every rant, in which poetic madness has disfigured that most lovely virtue.

The travellers now dressed in fawn, our hero in the scarlet and silver he had made up at Bath, as hath been recorded in the journal of his adventures there; in compliment, as he said, to his companion's gay appearance, but in reality, to throw off every mark by which he might be traced from the scene of his late exploits, set out the next morning with the dawn, and continued their journey till they arrived at the famous city of York, without meeting any adventure worthy of a place in this important history.

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THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
JUNIPER-JACK.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

THE morning after our hero—

But before I proceed further, in giving this sublime title to the illustrious subject of this important history, it may not be improper to prove his right to it; in order to obviate the charge of levity, in a matter of such moment, too justly brought against this courteous age, in which every tinker and cobbler, the instant he throws off his leather apron, is dubb'd an esquire.—If it should be said by any snarling critic, that I ought to have done this sooner; and by avoiding the offence, saved my readers the trouble of the excuse, I have only to say, what it will be well for him, if he can say also, in the same situation of self-correction, that it is never too late to mend.

In the first appropriations of cognominal additions, commonly called either *nick-names*, or
titles,

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titles, according to their import of honour or reproach, the word *hero* signified a *destroyer*, being never bestowed upon any man, till he had rendered himself famous by the destruction of his species.

Could it be necessary to adduce proof of a truth so notoricus, I need only ask for what reason *Achilles*, *Alexander*, &c. &c. &c. had that title given to them? Now as *Juniper Jack's* whole life was one continued state of war with all mankind, I submit it to the judicious reader, whether he is not as well entitled to this honourable addition from the numbers he destroyed in private life, by reducing them to sell their houses and lands, and die of want, as if he had actually knocked out their brains in battle, and laid their habitations in ashes at the head of an army?

The morning, then I say, after our hero and his fellow-traveller arrived at *York*, the latter big with hope went to the theatre, to try the ground, promising to return to dinner with his friend, who in the mean while walked out to take a view of the town: but what was his surprise, when he came back, to find his room locked against him, and hear the tragedian talking aloud in the most violent transport of rage.

Apprehensive of some mischief, he knocked direct at the door, and not gaining ready admission, the other's attention being too much taken up to hear him, he burst in without more ceremony; where his surprise was increased to find him alone, standing in his shirt before the glass, and raving aloud, with his eyes fixed on the empty air, his face convulsed, his arms spread abroad, and every limb trembling, as in the extasy of madness.

Before

Before he had time to ask the cause of what he saw, the madman, perceiving his figure in the glass, turned short round; and was running with open arms to embrace him; when mistaking his intention for the impulse of phrenzy, our hero slipped aside, as quick as thought, and catching up a stick, felled him to the ground.

It is impossible to express the astonishment of the poor actor, at such an unexpected outrage. The stick was even raised to repeat the blow, which would in all probability have closed his tragedy, had he not arrested it by a plaintive cry, and instantaneous change in his looks, from madness to dismay.

His cries directly brought up the people of the house, who had been alarmed before by his raving, some of whom laid hold of our hero, while the others raised the victim of his mistake, demanding with one voice, what had been the matter.

Our hero, who scarce knew more than they, answered, as soon as he could be heard, that what he had done was in his own defence, against his fellow-traveller, whom he had found in a violent fit of madness, under the impulse of which he would have fallen upon him, had he not saved himself by knocking him down.

The tragedian no sooner heard him say this, than all the resentment, with which he was threatening heaven and earth, instantly vanished. "*Bravo!* (he exclaimed in rapture) *Bravo!* my dearest friend. I thank you for this tribute to my tragic powers; and honour the sensibility that paid it, as much as I glory in their excellence, which such a testimony as this confirms for ever."

Then

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Then turning to the standers-by, "You need not hold the gentleman! (he continued) I am no longer afraid of him; neither am I mad; though I have been able to act madness to such perfection, as to deceive the friend of my bosom; as you are all witnesses; and have my permission to make known to all the world. I see you are at a loss to comprehend what has happened! I will therefore explain the affair to you, in few words.

"My profession then, gentlemen, is to represent the most illustrious characters struggling in the storms of fate; or, in other words, I am a tragedian; and being to play the sublime, and difficult part of *Orestes*, this evening, I was rehearsing it here, when my friend entered; who was so struck by the force with which I acted the transports of madness, as to think me really mad. A most glorious mistake, which does me so great honour, as amply compensates for the hurt I have received."—Saying which he advanced again to embrace his friend, who now readily met him half way.

CHAR

CHAP. II.

THE matter being thus happily made up, and the people of the house withdrawn, Jack asked the Tragedian, what he meant by saying he was to play that night; who answered, that on his going to the theatre, he had found the company all in the fuds, the Lady Mayorefs having commanded the *Distressed Mother* for that evening, and the actor who always played *Orestes*, having hanged himself most fortunately, not an hour before; in consequence of which, on his announcing himself, the manager, well remembering how great he had been in that part, when they rehearsed it together, most readily accepted his offer to play it for them; in which he did not doubt but he should come off with honour, short as the time was, after so signal a testimony as his friends had just borne to his powers; concluding with inviting him to see this triumph of his abilities; for which purpose he had mentioned him to the whole company, as well as to the manager, in such terms, that they all longed to have the honour of kissing his hands in the Green-room, and had obligingly accepted the invitation he had given them in his name, to sup with him that night after the play; when he would see that the encomiums he had bestowed upon their way of living together, fell short of what it deserved.

Though Jack was fully sensible of the impudence

dence of such a liberty as his companion had taken with him, he could not prevail upon himself to countermand the invitation, so directly did it lead the way to his own scheme. However, to keep him within bounds as much as possible, he answered gravely, that he had done very wrong in making it without consulting him, as his money began to run short; and it would be some time before he should receive a supply.

But weighty as this objection might have seemed to another, the tragic hero made light of it. "Think not of such paltry matters (said he.) This night opens the mines of *Peru* to your friend, whose greatest enjoyment of his good fortune will be to share it with you. Nor need you be alarmed at the expence. I'll take care that it shall not exceed the bounds of prudence. Ours are banquets of the mind. We meet not to gluttonize, like citizens at a charity-feast. Mirth, wit, and happiness are our choicest fare."

Though his friend gave but little credit to this account, even that little was lessened, when he heard him order a supper sufficient to feed a troop of hungry dragoons. Imagining, however, that he might have forgotten himself in the hurry of his spirits, he asked how many guests he had invited; and being answered, a dozen. "You must certainly have been mistaken then (said he) in your bill of fare, and thought you were catering for your recruits. People, like your friends, who meet only to feast the mind, can never have occasion for such an heavy meal." Then turning to the landlord, he demanded at how much an head he could afford a light genteel supper for a dozen

or fourteen people; and being answered, for half a crown, ordered him to provide one accordingly against the play should be over that evening.

“Supper for fourteen!—at half a crown a head!—(said the landlord) To be sure, sir! that may do very well for some people! But I beg leave to ask who your guests are to be, that I may make my provision accordingly; for if they are the players, as I presume from what this gentleman said just now, of his being of that profession, I must provide both dinner and supper in one, which will make but ordinary fare at that price; those gentry usually keeping themselves so sharp, I suppose to whet their wits, that when they sit down to eat thus at free cost, they generally take enough at once, to make up for the short commons of the week before.

“You must do the best you can (replied Jack, stifling his laughter as well as he could) but by the account this gentleman gives of his friends, that must be sufficient; nor will I give more, or pay for any thing else, particularly any wine, that I do not myself expressly order.”—A caution, which his companion’s enquiring if the landlord’s *Burgundy* and *Champaigne* were good, suggested to him.

C H A P. III.

THOUGH *Juniper* was not much troubled with that unfashionable weakness, called Modesty; he felt himself somewhat embarrassed at his first entrance among a set of people to whose manners he was so much a stranger. His friend, however, soon helped him out.

Advancing to the Manager, "This, sir, (said he, taking *Juniper* by the hand) is my friend! my *Pyrrhus*! whom I have the honour to introduce to you. And this, my dear friend, is Mr. *Cassius*, the able manager of this celebrated company." This introduction was sufficient. The stranger had no sooner paid his compliments to the sovereign of the mimic state, than all the subjects gathered round him, and felicitated themselves on the honour of his acquaintance, a complaisance that won his heart; as he little suspected the motive from which it proceeded. The fact was: His friend had represented him to them that morning, as an easy-tempered youth of immense fortune, who from mere attachment to him, had taken that ramble; and whose purse he had entirely at his command.

The business of the stage demanding the tragedian's attention, *Juniper* was left by himself, to make his remarks upon the company. But he remained not long alone. One of the nymphs,

nymphs, she who played *Hermione*, observing that he eyed her in a particular manner, directly joined him, and with the most easy familiarity fell into chat; in the course of which she took opportunities to throw such soft and significant glances at him, as fixed him firmly hers.

The applause which the new player received from the public, over-paid all his endeavours; though to do him justice, he strained every nerve to please them, *out-heroding Herod*, and tearing every passion to pieces, with such vehemence, that more than the *groundlings* thought him the most tragical player they had ever seen.

As for *Juniper*, he was too much engaged otherwise, to take any notice of him. The fair *Hermione*, who had marked him for her own, continued their conversation during the intervals between her being on the stage, to which she gave such a turn, as left him no attention for any other object; though his friend never failed to come to him at every *exit*, to ask his opinion, or rather his applause, which he gave him as lavishly as he could wish, to get the sooner rid of his company.

When the play was ended, our young gallant handed his fair acquaintance to his inn, whither she assured him, and perhaps with greater truth than always attended her assurances, she went solely upon his account: having positively refused Mr. *Buskin*, which, by the bye though, was not quite so true.

The conversation was kept up through the whole evening in a vein of wit, mirth, and revelry, equally new, and agreeable to the enter-tainer; particularly the part borne by the females, who, while they gave into all the licentiousness

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tiousness of the men, still preserved an appearance of decency, that prevented it from giving disgust.

Juniper's thoughts were so enflamed by his conversation with *Hermione*, who had played all her-batteries upon him, that he could not get to sleep till far in the morning; in consequence of which, he lay a-bed so late, that *Bustin* was obliged to go to rehearsal without seeing him; a compliment which he returned, by repairing, immediately after breakfast, to *Hermione*; who not being to play that evening, had invited him to dine, and spend the day with her.

Their meeting produced nothing but common occurrences (except it should be thought uncommon that it really produced nothing at all; the nymph being all tenderness, the swain all rapture). But, as she did not think proper to give that rapture scope so soon, she had invited a female friend to be of the party, whose presence might keep him within bounds.

C H A P. IV.

THE expence at which her young *inamorato* had entertained his company the night before, and his genteel address confirming the representation made of him by his friend *Buskin*, this prudent and good lady resolved to make a breach between them, that she might have the plucking of the goose entirely to herself.

For this purpose she took an occasion, as if accidentally, to ask her guest how long they had been acquainted; and, on his telling her, expressed the greatest surprise, dropping hints at the same time, of *Buskin's* having said, that their acquaintance was of much longer standing, and established by many services on his side.

Juniper, as may naturally be supposed, instantly took fire at an insinuation so ingratefully false, and what he thought worst of, which might injure him in the opinion of his fair friend. Thinking himself therefore no longer obliged to keep any measures with a man capable of such baseness, he directly informed her of the commencement, and every other circumstance of their connection, forgetting only the real motive of his own generosity; at every particular of which, she lifted up her hands and eyes to Heaven, with ejaculations of astonishment and abhorrence, which appeared to be so great, that it was some time, after he had concluded, before

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fore she had power to speak; when, as if recollecting herself, she fetched an heavy sigh, and turned the conversation to something else, nor could be prevailed upon to say another word about him all the rest of the evening; a manner of acting that had more effect than any thing she could have said.

On *Juniper's* return to his inn, at night, he had the pleasure to hear, that his fellow-traveller was not yet come home; upon which he went directly to bed to avoid an explanation till the next morning, his heart not being as yet sufficiently hackneyed in the ways of man, to turn him into the street at such an hour.

On their meeting at breakfast, the Tragedian was so full of his own affairs, that he took no notice of the coldness with which his late friend received him; but, without giving him time to speak, proceeded to tell him, that in consequence of the unparalleled applause he had met the night before, though it lost half its welcome, on account of his not being present to share in it, the manager had actually applied to him to engage for the season.

“And I presume you have closed with him,”
(said *Juniper* dryly.)

“No! (answered the actor) I was not in such
“haste as that neither! At least till I should
“consult with you. Can you believe it? He
“had the conscience to offer me only two guineas a week, though I instanced, in support
“of my demand of ten, that *Barry*, with
“whom I hoped he would not put me in comparison, as I mentioned him only because in
“my cast, had so much.”

“And

“And what do you mean to do, in case he should not come up to your terms?”—Added *Juniper*.

“Why aye! (replied the Tragedian) that is the question.—To take! or not to take it! That’s the question!—Whether I had not better enjoy the generosity of my friend, a little longer, to make my merits still more known to the public; when—if he should refuse to come to my terms!—why—then—I believe—I must e’en.”—Take his! (interposed *Juniper* who in spite of his resentment was no longer able to suppress his laughter at the attitude of deliberation into which the actor threw himself, to weigh this important point. His right foot advanced—his head declined on his left shoulder—the fore-finger of his right hand extended on his forehead—the thumb on the tip of his nose—and his left hand supporting his right elbow) “Take his, and that as soon as you can! for I absolutely disclaim all farther connection with you.” Unexpected as this stroke was, the tragedian was too well accustomed to struggle with adverse fortune to be disheartened by it, till he saw the landlord bring in his bill, as *Juniper* had ordered the night before. “Eh! (said he) How? What’s the meaning of all this?”—

“The meaning of it is; (answered *Juniper* gravely) that I am going away.”

“Going away? (replied *Bustin*) without waiting to see me settled; or even consulting me.”

“And pray, my good sir! (returned *Juniper*) why should I consult you? Or, what is it to me, whether you are settled or not?”

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“ Though I should think a man, who has had
 “ the mines of *Peru* opened to him so lately,
 “ cannot be at a loss already. But, be that as
 “ it may, if, because I pitied your hunger and
 “ nakedness, fed, clad, and brought you thus
 “ far, you imagine I must encumber myself
 “ with such an unworthy burthen for ever, you
 “ will find yourself out in your calculation;
 “ and that I can shake you off as lightly as I
 “ took you up. From this moment I leave you
 “ to your fate; nor will ever trouble myself
 “ with a farther thought about you.”

The manner in which this was spoken, convincing the Tragedian, that nothing was to be done by fair means, he resolved to try another game. “ Is it possible (said he, advancing up
 “ to him with a fighting face) that you can
 “ think I will put up with such base usage? To
 “ run away from me in this manner, after preventing me from going to *London*; and bringing me thus far out of my way, merely to
 “ gratify your humour for rambling.”

But in the world he could not have pitched upon a more improper man for popping such a part upon. “ Base usage! you scoundrell (re-
 “ turned *Juniper*, hitting him at the same instant a blow on the temple, that would have
 “ made *Broughton* himself shake his ears) I’ll
 “ make you take care whom you use such words
 “ to another time.”



CHAP.

CHAP. V.

THE sounce with which he fell to the ground, alarming the landlord, who had stood listening at the door, after he had left his bill, he rushed in to prevent farther mischief, when he found the fallen hero still on the floor, his fear of the rising blow having hindered him from even attempting to get up.

But no sooner did he see help at hand, than rising as well as he was able: "Bear witness, sir, (said he) of the condition in which you find me. If there is justice in this land, I will not let such a ruffian go unpunished."

"Heh!—What's the matter now? (returned the landlord) Have you been rehearsing again?"

This word instantly gave *Juniper* his cue. "Really, sir (said he, as composedly as if nothing had happened) I begin to fear the poor man is actually out of his senses. He has been all the morning ranting some stuff or other out of his plays; but I did not mind him till after you quitted the room, when advancing upon me, with his mouth all covered with foam, like a mad dog, his foot tripped against something in the vehemence of his action, and he fell against the corner of the table, which has hurt his temple in the manner you see. I would have helped him

“him up; but, as I am persuaded he is mad, I
 “did not choose to venture within his reach,
 “for fear he might do me a mischief, as he is
 “so much bigger than I am.”

This was ~~out-acting~~ the actor so effectually, that he was not able to make any reply, conscious, that, as he had no witness of the assault, the word of his assailant would outweigh him; especially as it was supported by the former ~~dis-~~fair. Staring at his conqueror, therefore, for some minutes with astonishment, he desired the landlord to go down, saying there was no further occasion for his presence; but *Jasper* being resolved to play out his game, insisted on his staying; saying that he would not run the hazard of being left alone with such a mad-man.

The insulting sneer with which he said this, was more severe even than his late violence.
 “You well know I am not a mad-man (return-
 “ed the tragedian, shaking his head, with a
 “sorrowful look) but it is no matter. I have a
 “word or two, though, to speak to you on par-
 “ticular business; and hope you will not refuse
 “me the honour of an hearing.”

But all he could say was in vain. *Jasper* in-
 sisted inexorably, that he could have no business
 with him, improper for all the world to hear;
 and that he would never trust himself alone with
 him again for a single minute; observing to the
 landlord, that it was necessary for them to be on
 their guard, as his eyes were beginning to roll in
 the same frightful manner as before.

This was too much to be borne off the stage.
 “Tis well, sir! (said the tragedian, putting
 “on his hat, with an haughty air.) You have
 “taken your cue very well; I see plainly
 “enough

“ enough that brimstone *Hermione* is at the bottom of all this. She wants to have you to herself; but I’ll drive the shattered, painted, patched-up harridan to another market with her mellow pears.”—Saying which, he strutted away, without waiting for a reply, to close with the manager, before this misap should come to his ears, lest he should take advantage of it, as he must know that he was now at his mercy.

The satisfaction which his fair friend felt on her lover’s giving so readily into her design, may be easily conceived. She understood her business too well though, to discover it. On the contrary, she affected to be concerned for the difficulties to which it might expose the discarded *Bushie*; and even went so far as to express a wish that *Juniper* should forgive him; that is, as far as it was possible to forgive such base ingratitude; a style of mediation, that in reality only widened the breach it seemed meant to make up.

Her motives for acting in this manner were certainly judicious. Though she was resolved to continue, as she had made the breach, she wished not to be known to have had any hand in it. It was not her interest, by any means, to give the enemies, whom she was sensible envy of her success would raise, such an handle against her. This conduct beside had an appearance of benevolence; a virtue so transcendently lovely in itself, and so peculiarly congenial to the sensibility of the female heart, that those who give up all pretence to the characteristic virtue of their sex, always endeavour to palliate their frailty with a show of this. When

Juniper

Juniper, therefore, went with her to the theatre in the evening, she interposed so warmly as to effect a reconciliation, so far as mutual civility; certain that she had put an insurmountable bar in the way of any closer intercourse.

The scene into which our hero was now introduced, suited his taste so exactly that he had not a wish to change it. It would be a presumption of which I am incapable, justly high as is my sense of my own abilities, to attempt lifting up the mysterious veil, that shades the interior economy of the theatric life; after it has been so ably and faithfully held forth to view, by the inimitable *Scorn*; whose description, as if drawn by inspiration, fits every company of players, that ever was, or ever will be.

This, however, only made the variety still more pleasing to him. He lived, as one of themselves; and as he was free from the anxiety, and fear of hunger, or perhaps the hunger itself, which would sometimes lower their spirits, in spite of all their efforts to elude thought, he quaffed from the top of the cup, without falling the dregs, which unbittered the bottom.

Not that their conversation continued long to be agreeable to him. As soon as the novelty of the manner was worn off, the repetition of the matter grew cloying; being nothing more than scraps of plays got by rote in their profession, and retailed upon every occasion, without the mixture of one original thought to give a relish to the hotchpotch.

The other circumstances, however, made amends for this falling off, at his time of life. His particular object, indeed, *Herriot*, would have observed, at least for some time, the same reserve,

reserve, as at their first meeting; but she soon found it impossible, without running the risque of driving him into some of the nets, which were spread for him, on every side, by her sister nymphs of the drama. But still, she acted the struggle between virtue and desire, with such address, as to make her yielding appear the effect of passion, while to heighten the favour, and preserve his respect, which she knew to be the best preservative of love, she affected to make a mystery of their intercourse, under a pretence of preserving a reputation, which had been given to the winds, before he was born.

Nor were her motives for this conduct merely mercenary. Though her first advances to the connection had been in the train of profession, by the most whimsical fate, it had so fallen out, that she, who had received the addresses of every rank of life, from the poet to the prince; and even set theatrical monarchs together by the ears, without feeling the least return of their passion, was now, in the wane of life, when the *high-day* of her blood was past, and youth could no longer be pleaded in excuse of her levity, fallen fairly in love with a boy; and even dreamed in her dotage, of engrossing him entirely to herself for ever.

CHAP. VI.

IN the mean time, though *Jupiter* was immovably resolved to keep himself concealed, being sensible that the moment he entrusted his secret to any one, he should no longer be his own master, he soon found it necessary to set on foot some account or other, in order to refute the insinuations of his friend *Rafin*, that he was a merchant's clerk, who had robbed his master, and run away with his money.

For this purpose, he told his dear *Hermione*, in proof of his confidence, and under the strictest injunctions of secrecy, as the surest way to have it immediately propagated, that he was the only son of one of the richest planters on the island of *Jamaica*, from whence he had been sent for his education; and that having had a love-affair, which had betrayed itself, with the daughter of his father's respondent, under whose care he was, in *England*, he had thought it necessary to elope, till he should hear from home, whither he had written, as soon as ever the thing had happened.

For this story in particular, he had also a particular reason: though the thought had been first suggested to him, by his friend *Marsden*: having mentioned that, as one of the only two justifiable causes for a man of honour's concealing his name; as the attentive reader un-

undoubtedly remembers. His passion for going on the stage was now become so strong, that he could resist it no longer. He, therefore, thought this story the most likely way to make such a step seem only a frolic of youth; especially, as he should take it before any failure in his finances should raise a suspicion of its proceeding from necessity; as it would also account for his accepting the emoluments of the profession, when the pinching moment should arrive, which inexhaustible as he had thought his purse, in the beginning, he could now see advancing toward him with hasty strides, so heavy were the expences he was hourly at among his present acquaintances.

Nor was this the only piece of finesse he practised on the occasion. To give such a frolic still a better colour, he never hinted it; in the most distant manner, even to *Hermione*; till one morning after rehearsal, as he was sitting in the green-room among the players, when they were talking of their approaching benefits, "what should you think (said he, with a smile, chucking her fondly under the chin) if I should play *Boyer* for you?" a compliment so flattering to her pride, as well as advantageous to her purse, was not only received with transport by her, but also met with such applause from all present, that he suffered himself to be prevailed upon to give her a positive promise of it.

The interval, though longer than he could have wished, hung not heavy upon his hands. Some specimens, which he had occasionally given of his talents in the sublime art of mimicry, had raised such an opinion of him, that all the players, particularly the females, doubled their

F 5

assiduity

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assiduity in paying him compliments, in hope of engaging him to play for their benefit also: an hope, which he had the address to keep alive, without making a direct promise to any, though he secretly received favours, in support of it, from them all.

The intimacy that was now cultivated with him by all the players, shewed him the profession in a new light: and gave him the fairest opportunity for indulging the favourite passion of his heart: one and all in order to ingratiate themselves and supplant their rivals in his regard, giving him the secret histories of the rest, the incidents always coloured, however unnecessarily, as the truth was the worst that could be said, with malevolence and envy; he played them off against each other with such art, that without ever being suspected to have any hand in the matter, he kept the whole house in a continual ferment; not even his *Hermione* escaping the shafts of his wicked wit.

The information which he received in this manner, would add a curious supplement, to that heap of crimes and infamy for which, a celebrated historian has raked up the annals of the western world, to form, what in his great philanthropy, he is pleased to call an *History of the Human Heart*. But such materials are too coarse for the delicacy of this work. I have therefore given the anecdotes, compiled by our hero on this occasion, to as celebrated a female writer of *sentimental novels*; a species of literary productions to which they are peculiarly adapted. Having passed the time in this agreeable manner till the day for his performing arrived, he played to a most crowded and brilliant audience, whom

whom the report of a young gentleman of fortune's acting for his amusement, drew together, when he received such applause as perhaps was never before bestowed upon a first essay.

But dearly did the rest of the players pay for his success. He held up their several peculiarities to ridicule, with such irresistible force, that it was a long time before they could shew their faces upon the stage, even in the most serious characters, or scenes of deepest distress, without raising a general laugh in the audience; the severest mortification a player can possibly meet.

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CHAP. VII.

IN the mean while, though he continued his intimacy with *Hermione*, to whom he had as strong an attachment as his heart was capable of, he was far from being so constant to her charms as her passion could have made her wish. But she was too well convinced of the truth of *Lady Rasy's* maxim, to think of reclaiming him by reproaches or restraint. On the contrary, in the true spirit of poetic licence, she gave the liberty she took; and winked at what it would have done her no service to see; whereby she not only avoided a breach, but also preserved his esteem.

In gratitude, therefore, for the various civilities which he received from the other actresses, he could not refuse performing for their benefit; though, to keep peace at home, he told *Hermione*, that he did it solely from a principle of justice, to make them amends for the ridicule he had brought upon them; but he firmly refused to play for any man whomsoever, to give the greater air of gallantry to his playing.

His success in other comic characters, for he never attempted to touch tragedy, though not inconsiderable, fell far short of that which had attended his first essay in *Boys*; and proved the essential difference in the talents necessary to form

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born a mimic and a *player*. Wherever vivacity, grimace, or trick could be introduced, he kept the house in a continual roar; but where it was necessary to enliven the tale of graced character, and give grace to sentiment, his falling off was most palpable. He played the *Postman* to perfection in *Archer*; but he could not shew the *Gentleman* through the livery.

But highly as he enjoyed the pleasures of such a life, they were not long without alloy. Though he lived in a great measure with *Hermione*, his other amours were necessarily attended with such expenses, as not only drained his purse, but also involved him in many debts; for so effectually had he imbibed the principles, as well as the manners of the people he was among, as to shew off all regard to prudence, and deny himself nothing which he could obtain upon credit, without ever considering how that credit was to be discharged.

In this perplexed situation, the first resource he thought of was play, if he could engage in a proper party, at which he did not doubt but the same dexterity, which had shipped the sharpers at *Wall*, would be equally successful here, and reinstate his affairs. But he soon found he was precluded from this fashionable resource. The players, with whom he kept company, had nothing to lose; and his keeping their company shut him out of every other that was fit for his purpose.

Nor were his hopes from the stage more successful. Altho' as the manager had professed and avowed him, while in the light of a volunteer, at the moment he mentioned enlisting in the corps, the scene was totally changed; and he experienced,

experienced, in some degree, the fate of his friend *Bustin*. A full company—Low receipts—Heavy expences—in short, a thousand reasons were ready for taking advantage of his necessity; and offering him terms which were rather an insult than a relief. He rejected them, therefore, without a moment's hesitation, in such a manner as made his pretence of having been only in jest, pass current; and went on in his former way, playing when he pleased, and merely for the pleasure of playing.

But as this pleasure alone could not satisfy all his appetites, he bethought himself of applying to his friend *Wilson*, in account with whom he held himself a considerable creditor, on the score of benefits. He wrote to him, therefore, with a well-affected air of modest reluctance; to borrow fifty pounds; in order, he said, to discharge some little debts which he had incautiously contracted; promising to repay it on his return to his friends, with whom he was at length happily in a treaty of reconciliation, though he could not yet, with propriety, apply to them on such an occasion.

In this instance his hopes did not deceive him. *Wilson*, with the most generous readiness complied with his request, remitting him, at the same time, as much more in the name of his wife; who subscribed with her own hand, her congratulation of his approaching happiness.

This seasonable supply relieved his distresses, but was far from lessening the indiscretion that had brought them upon him: On the contrary, it only enabled him to plunge into deeper, by increasing his credit; so that he soon was in a worse state

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state than before, as he had no other friend, to whom his modesty could have recourse.

Necessity now first suggested to him those shifts, which afterwards became the business of his life. But though no brain was ever more fertile in devising, no conscience more convenient for carrying them into execution, the field was too confined, and he soon found himself at his wits end.

Hermione was now his only support. He could eat with her; but her ability reached no farther; nor had it required little resolution for her to preserve even that much from his importunity; for to such a degree had he thrown off all regard to delicacy, that he could beg from a beggar, without a blush, to support his extravagance.

And to stand in need of a friend of such a nature, was to him a source of infinite mortification. He was sensible that he was unworthy of a friend, and that he was unworthy of a friend who would know how to let him know that he was unworthy of a friend.

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CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

HOW long even he could have struggled with such a state is not easy to say. He would have decamped without shame or scruple, but he knew not whither to retreat, so terrible was the thought of home to him.

His old friend Fortune, however, interposed once more in his favour, in this very critical moment of his fate. As he was sitting one morning, racking his brain how to shelter himself from the storm which threatened every hour to burst upon him, he was surprised by a note from an inn, to let him know that a lady there desired to see him.

At first he suspected it to be a snaffle of some catch-pole; but as he went out every day, and every where, that suspicion instantly vanished. At length a thought struck him, that it might possibly be some lady who had fallen in love with him on the stage; and proposed this rendezvous to disclose her passion.

Extravagant as such a notion must appear, it tallied so exactly with the way of thinking of the people with whom he conversed, that he instantly resolved to obey the summons, which otherwise, perhaps, he might not have been so ready to do, for this trifling reason, that he had not a shilling in his pocket to pay for a pint of wine, should there be occasion.

But

But what was his astonishment, on his arrival at the place of assignation, to find, instead of the expected *incumbent*, his old maid *Betty*, the girl who had attended him in his childhood; and of whom particular mention has been made in the beginning of this faithful and accurate history.

Having stared at each other for some minutes, "Good heaven!" (she exclaimed, running, and throwing her arms around his neck in rapture, which she was no longer able to restrain) "Am I so happy as to find my dearest master again? The child of my bosom, my guardian angel, and preserver!"—Then pausing a minute, as to be sure it was he—"But is this a situation (she continued) for the son and heir of Squire *Juniper*? A strolling player! a merry *Andrew*, to make the mob laugh.—It must not be. You must, and shall come home with me this hour! And I pray heaven, we may not be too late to prevent the ruin with which your folly threatens you!"—

"What ruin!" (interrupted he, roused by the word, from the stupefaction of astonishment with which the sight of her had struck him) "What ruin do you mean?"—"O my dearest child! (she replied) the severest of all ruins; the entire loss of your fortune. Your father, poor dear gentleman, has for some time been in so weak a state of mind and body, I really believe from his grief for the loss of you, that Mrs. *Juniper* (I don't know how to call her your mother) has prevailed upon him to make a will, by which he has left every thing in her power.

"The

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"The reason she gave for desiring it, was, that she might be able to bring you back to a sense of your duty, should you ever return, which she always affected to doubt; saying, she was sure you had been murdered in some of your mad fits. But I know that is all a pretence, and that her intention is to give the whole to a colonel of dragoons, whom she is indecently fond of, and will certainly marry, as soon as the breath shall be out of your poor father's body; which, in the way he is, cannot be far off. So, in God's name, come away with me instantly; and if we can overtake him alive, I do not much fear but we shall be able to prevent this dreadful misfortune. I was on my way to my father's; but every thing shall give place to this; and I will go back with you directly."

Before he had time to make her any answer, the door flew open, and in rushed *Hernius*; who, surprised at his not coming to breakfast with her, had gone to his lodgings, to see what was become of him; where finding the note which he had forgot upon his table; he hurried after him, under the same apprehensions that had struck himself of its being a trick to arrest him.

But glad as she was to find her fears mistaken, the sight of a strange woman in his company, was far from being agreeable to her. "So!" (said she, throwing herself on a sofa) "another mistress! I should have thought a whole company of actresses was a seraglio large enough. But I see you are more insatiable than the grand Turk."

"You are mistaken madam! (he interrupted, frowning all the while) to stop her tongue; being

being desirous to conceal their connection from *Betty*, for whose virtue he could not help feeling respect, notwithstanding her station) "This is a lady, whom I have long known; and who sent for me upon business of the greatest importance."

Hermione, who saw by his confusion, that there was more in the matter than she understood, was going to make an apology, when *Betty* prevented her: "You are indeed mistaken madam! (said she, with a modest dignity, which virtue only can give)—I am not what you are pleased to intimate; nor yet a lady; as this gentleman has thought proper to call me; but an humble servant maid, who had the honour of rearing him in my arms; and am now, I flatter myself, sent by Heaven, to save him from the ruin, with which his father's death, should it happen before he sees him, as there is reason to fear, if he delays his return to *London*, but a single day, inevitably threatens him."

"Good Heaven! (exclaimed *Hermione*) Mr. Smith in *London*?—How long has he been arrived from *Jamaica*?"

"Mr. Smith, madam? (replied *Betty*) I know not whom you mean. This gentleman's father's name is *Juniper*."

"What? how?—(interrupted *Hermione* wildly) what is his father's name do you say?"

"*Juniper*! (answered *Betty*) the great Squire *Juniper*, of *Soho-square*."

She was prevented from saying more, by the effect, which these words had upon *Hermione*, who no sooner heard them, than giving a scream of horror, she fell in a swoon upon the floor.

 CHAP. IX.

THE astonishment of Yarns, and his friend Betty at this sight, is not to be expressed. He had hitherto been so bewildered in the maze of thought, that he had not power to speak: but this restored him to himself. Betty and he having raised, and given her proper assistance, she at length opened her eyes, and fixing them upon him with a ghastly stare, "Why? (said she) have you been so cruel, as to recall me to a life of horror and despair? Why did you not let me die at once? I should so only have anticipated the eternal misery, that must be my lot, by a few hours, which would have been abundantly recompensed, by my avoiding the shame I now suffer."—

Then rising from her chair, "O Jack (she continued) see the effects of throwing off the restraints of virtue!—of deviating from the straight path of truth! if I had not yielded to my unhappy passion for you!—if you had told me your real name and family, we had both escaped the horror with which you will be struck, as I am, when you know that your own father was the first seducer of my virgin innocence."—

The alarm, which her swooning had given our hero, was far short of what he felt, on hearing her say this. "My father!—my own fa-

ther!

“ther your seducer! (he returned, all pale and
“trembling, as if in the agonies of death) what
“horrid wretches then are we?—And what shall
“we do, to expiate our guilt?”—“Kill our-
“selves, this moment! (she replied) and so rid
“the earth of two such monsters.”—

It is more than probable, that the remorse, with which this unhappy pair were agitated, would have driven them to that set of desperation, had not there been a person present to direct their thoughts a better way. Though *Betty* herself was affected in the strongest manner, at this horrid discovery, her reason unclouded by guilt, soon enabled her to afford them the assistance of which they stood so much in need; she soothed their afflicted souls, she shewed them the extent of divine mercy, which never imputes the sin of ignorance; and she encouraged them to merit that mercy by sincere repentance, and a reformation of their lives, the indispensable fruit of it.

Having in some measure calmed their minds, she recurred to the subject, from which she had been diverted by the entrance of *Harmione*; and seeing that the connection between that unhappy woman, and her dear child, as she fondly called him, made reserve unnecessary, repeated the account she had before given him of the situation of his family, as a reason for pressing him in the strongest terms to return home with her directly.

The justice, of what she said admitted not a doubt, but the difficulty was, how to leave a place, where he was deeply in debt, without indelible disgrace; how to travel, without a shilling to defray the expence of his journey.

But

But his good angel *Betty* soon got over both these difficulties. The latter, which was the only one, she would admit to have any weight, she instantly removed, by shewing that she had money, much more than was sufficient for that purpose. She had earned it, she said, in his family; and was happy to devote it to his service, as she readily would her life also: and as for the other difficulty! no man, she insisted, could hesitate a moment, about taking the only means, by which he had any probability of being ever able to remove it.

These points being settled, the next was, how he should contrive to get away, as he was sensible that he was watched; when *Betty*, who alone had her wits about her, proposed that he should go off directly, as if he was only taking a walk, to a particular place on the *London road*; and there wait for her, while she should go to *Hermione's* for some of his linen, which luckily happened to be there; and was the only thing they would venture to attempt taking away; for fear of raising an alarm.

The unhappy lovers having taken a melancholy leave, they all three left the inn, and walking together to the turn of the street, he struck off the way he was to go; while the two women went to *Hermione's* lodgings, where they had scarcely entered, when he was enquired for by a man, whom she well knew to be a catchpole.

The theatre is certainly the best school for learning a command of countenance. Without seeming to mind who he was, or shewing the least concern; she answered directly that he was gone to rehearsal; where she supposed
he

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he might be found ; if not, he would be at home to dinner at the usual hour.

As soon as the first emotions of their fright were a little calmed, they both drew the happiest omen of the success of his journey, from the criticalness of his escape ; of which *Betty* promised to inform *Hermione*, whose unfeigned sorrow for the crime, she supposed herself guilty of, attracted the compassion of that worthy-hearted woman.

CHAP. X.

ON her return to the inn, *Betty*, in order to obviate any suspicion of the true occasion of her changing her intended route, and going off so abruptly, should her dear master have been traced to her, by any of the blood-hounds, who were hunting for him, enquired of the landlady the character of a family at a considerable distance on the way to *London*, saying she had got a recommendation to them for house-keeper, which prevented her going home to her father's, as she had before told them she designed.

Ordering a chaise therefore instantly, as if in hopes of overtaking the stage-coach, she set off with a throbbing heart, and coming up with *Juniper*, before he had reached the place appointed, took him up, and proceeded without ever stopping, till they were safely out of the county.

The only circumstance relating to their journey, that I find recorded in the authentic memoirs, from which I have compiled this faithful history, is that *Betty* informed her fellow-traveller of the charge of robbery brought against him by his tutor on his elopement, at which he expressed all the indignation of the purest innocence. But, as a superior genius can turn every incident of life, however cross at the moment, to some advantage; he instantly resolved to pay the

the doctor in his own coin, and lay the blame of his eloping, for which he was utterly at a loss for any plausible excuse, on the bad usage he received from him.—She informed him also, that the way she had so fortunately happened to find him out, was, that being on her return to her father, who lived at the extremity of *Yorkshire*, had sent for her on the death of his second wife, and her curiosity had led her to the play the evening before, not knowing what else to do with herself, as she had no acquaintance in the town, where she was so astonished to see him on the stage in the character of an actor, that she could scarcely believe her senses; and resolved not to proceed in her journey till she could satisfy herself by sending for him, as she had done, by the name she found he went by there.

On their arrival in *London*, Betty went directly to Mr. *Juniper's*, whom she had the good fortune to find alone. Unwilling as she was to lose any time, lest her mistress should come in, and lay some obstacle in her way; she was afraid to break the matter too abruptly to him, as she knew he would be strongly affected by the discovery. She asked him therefore, coolly, after he had answered her enquiries about his health, if he had yet heard any thing of her young master; and on his replying in the negative, with a heavy sigh, said, she was surprised at that, as she was almost certain she had seen him in the street that morning.

The emotion into which this news threw the poor man, proved the prudence of her caution.—“Is it possible?—(he returned, trembling with anxious joy) “Is it possible? Surely you must know him too well to be mistaken!—

“ Oh ! that I could see him but once more before I die ! But it is too much, too great a happiness for me to hope for in this life ! ” —

“ Why so, sir ? — (she replied) Why should you not hope it ? Many young gentlemen have been longer absent upon their frolics ; and yet returned safe and well to their friends at last. ”

“ What can you mean, Betty ? — (said he, fixing his eyes upon her with the eagerest anxiety) “ I think you, of all people, would not trifle with me on this subject. If you have really seen him, tell me so ; and bring him to me this minute. ” —

“ And will you forgive him a folly (she returned) which he sincerely repents of, and will make it the business of his life to atone for ? ” —

“ Forgive him ! — (answered he, raising himself in his chair) “ That I will ; and reward him too ; for restoring me to life, which I have never enjoyed since I lost him. Go directly, and tell him every thing shall be forgiven, and forgotten too, the moment he appears. Make haste ! if I were able myself, I would go with you. ” —

The affectionate creature did not want to be bidden a second time. She flew directly to the inn, where she had left her dearest master, and throwing her arms around his neck, without regard to ceremony : “ Come ! (said she) come along with me this instant. I have seen your dear father, who forgives every thing ; and is bursting with impatience to see you. ”

The thought of his having abused such goodness, affected *Juniper* so strongly, that he stood for some

some minutes unable to speak or move. But his faithful friend soon roused him. "What is the matter? (said she) Will you wait here till your mother comes in, and raises such obstacles to your reconciliation, as you may never be able to get over?"—

These words brought him to himself. He instantly went with her in an hackney coach; and being received with joy by all the servants, who had heard the happy news from their master, threw himself on his knees before him; and pressing his hand to his lips, bathed it with tears of unfeigned tenderness and affection, while the fond father sobbed out a blessing; and bidding him rise, embraced him with rapture, too big for utterance.

...but it is not correct to say that the ...

THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
JUNIPER-JACK.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

WHILE the prodigal son and his forgiving father were in the midst of this tender scene, which filled every eye present with tears, the whole family having crowded up after their young master, Mrs. *Juniper* entered. Her surprise at the sight of her son, thus encircled in his father's arms, struck her speechless for some moments, which her husband perceiving, "*Jack!*" (said he) "Don't you see your mother, boy?"—

Our hero, who had really melted into such tenderness at the kindness of his father, that he had not attended to her entrance, instantly advanced to her, with an air of humility and respect; and bending his knee, attempted to take her hand to kiss; but she haughtily withdrew it. "Stay, young man! (said she, with a severe frown) though your father has been surprized

"into

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“into a weakness so unworthy of him, which
 “should not have happened had I been at home;
 “think not that I am such an easy fool. Before
 “you receive my forgiveness, much less any
 “mark of my favour, you shall prove that you
 “have not made yourself unworthy of it, by
 “your behaviour in your absence, as well as
 “earn it by a long continuance of good conduct,
 “to atone for your running away in such a
 “profligate manner.”

While Jack continued with his knee to the ground, overwhelmed with confusion at such a repulse, “Whu!—(said his father)—What’s the matter now?—Has the woman no bowels of compassion? no natural affection for her own child?—Is not the lad come home again? and what more would you have? I think that is a sufficient proof that he is sorry for going; and therefore I have forgiven him, and do forgive him from the bottom of my heart; and don’t fear, if he has played any idle pranks while he was away, but he will leave them off; and behave himself as he ought to do for the future—Eh! Will you not, boy?”

“Sir! (answered Jack, arising from his knee, on which his mother had suffered him to remain all this time, and bowing most respectfully to his father, as he turned to him :) “It shall be my pride, as I am sensible it is my duty, to behave myself in a manner not improper for your son. At the same time, I must beg leave to assure you, that whatever youthful follies I may have fallen into, I have never been guilty of any action unworthy of that respectable character; or that could raise a

blush

“blush in the face either of my father or mother.”

“Did not I tell you so? (continued the old man, as well as the fulness of his heart would permit him to speak) “and what would the woman have more?—Well, boy! give me your hand upon that promise; and I’ll depend upon it;—and if your mother is such an hard-hearted Jew, as to have neither *Christian* faith nor charity, that is not my case; I heartily forgive you; and so let us think no more of what’s past. Your mother will forgive you too, by-and-by; but her thick blood must have time to melt.”

“I thank you, Mr. *Juniper*, (she returned with a formal curtsy) “I thank you for your compliment. I see from this relapse into your old ribaldry, the reason of your joy at that runaway’s return; that you may have him to assist you in it, as usual. But if you can demean yourself so far, that is no rule that I should, as he shall find.”

“Softly upon the stones there, my honey! (he replied with a sarcastic smile) “What he would have found, had I died before his return, I plainly see. But your reign is at an end; and now you shall find that it shall never be in your power to tyrannize over him, if I live but five minutes longer. You, who can treat him so before my face, would have made fine work, when there was nobody to controul you. Here *Betty*! take this key; open that bureau, and give me the parchment you will find in the secret drawer, on your right hand.—There!—That’s it!—You shall see your power over him expire, with this
“un-

“unnatural will that gave it.”—Saying which, he raised his hand to throw the parchment into the fire; when Mrs. *Juniper*, whose rage and surprize had made her unable to speak, rushed forward, and seizing his hand, would have wrenched the will out of it; had not *Betty* courageously interposed.

“Good God! madam! (said she, catching her by the wrist, and turning it so violently, as made her instantly loose her hold.) “Take care what you do! Consider, if you squeeze my master’s hand so, it will bring on a fit of the gout that may last these six months, as you know was the case, when you closed the back-gammon tables upon his fingers at *Ram*.”

The insult of such an interposition in a servant, and the pain she felt from the turning her wrist, threw Mrs. *Juniper* into so violent a rage, that she forgot every thing else. “Audacious slut! (she exclaimed, flying at her like a fury, and striking with all her force at every word) “Do you dare to assault me in my own house?” Though *Betty* could have repelled her attacks with ease, she had the presence of mind not to make the least resistance, certain of being rescued by the standers-by, before she should receive any material injury. Accordingly, as she expected, the servants directly interposed; and laying hold of the assailant, between entreaties and force, put a stop to the effects of her rage, though not till she had bathed poor *Betty*’s face in blood.

The situation of *Juniper*, in the mean time, was truly distressful. His heart felt every stroke given to his faithful friend; but still he could not inter-

interfere to save her, for fear of giving farther offence to his mother.

His father, though, was not under the same restraint. As he could not rise to assist her himself, he called out to *Betty* to return the assault, and he would stand by her; and finding that her respect would not permit her to raise her hand, even in her own defence, damned the other servants for not having saved her sooner from such abuse.

Mrs. *Juniper* having at length recovered her breath, bethought herself again of the will; and turning hastily to her husband, asked him what he had done with it. "There it is! (he answered, pointing to the fire, where it was actually all in a flame.) "There it is! in the same condition, as those, I doubt not, will one day be, "in a worse place, who prevailed upon me to "make it; unnatural fool, as I was."—

This sight, which shewed her the loss of all her dearest hopes, had such an effect upon Mrs. *Juniper*, that she directly fell into fits, in which she was removed into her own chamber, by her husband's order.

CHAP. II.

AS soon as she was gone, "What a fiend of a mother hast thou got Jack?" (said he with a spiteful grin) Well it is for you, that you have returned in time, to make me destroy that damned will; or else, I see, you would have had but a dog's life of it with her."

"And what must I suffer, my dear sir! (answered Jack, pointing to Betty, as she was wiping the blood from off her face and neck) to see my preserver, the immediate cause of my return, treated in such a manner, upon my account?"

"She the cause of your return?" (replied his father) How is that! I thought she had met you accidentally in the street this morning."

"She met me! (said Jack) or rather she was sent by Heaven to me, at York; where I was just sinking under distress of every kind; being afraid to face you, after having sinned so grievously against your goodness."

"And why so, boy?—(interrupted his father hastily) Why so?—Did you think that I was a Turk or a Jew, that I would not forgive you, when I should see you sorry for what you had done?—And so she was the cause of your coming back!"

"She was not only the cause, sir! (answered Jack) but also supplied me with the means; for when I met her, I was not master of a shilling

“ling in the world; and must absolutely have
“begged my way, as nothing should have pre-
“vented my coming, the moment I heard from
“her of your being sick. Not that I suspected
“any thing of my mother’s unkindness; but it
“would have driven me to despair, had it been
“my misfortune to lose you, before I could
“throw myself at your feet, to beg your for-
“giveness and blessing.”

“Here, *Betty!* (said Mr. *Juniper*, turning a-
way his face, to hide the tears that glistened in
his eyes) “Take this key again, and reach me
“the pocket-book, which is in the same drawer
“where you found the will.—Here, my good
“girl! (giving her a bank note for twenty
“pounds) take this, as a reward for your fidel-
“ty to your old master; and call upon me, or
“him, for the same sum, every year of your
“life; which I will take care to leave you.—
“And you, boy, take these, and forget that you
“ever wanted money; as you never shall
“again, if it is not your own fault.”—Saying
which, he gave him also bank notes to the value
of an hundred.

But while this part of the family was thus
happily employed, the mistress of it was in a
very different plight. As soon as she had reco-
vered from her fit, and given vent to the ful-
ness of her heart, by a flood of tears, she saw
not only the expiration of her power over her
son, but also the necessity of being instantly re-
conciled to him, if she would avert the danger
of having her own game played back upon her-
self and being left in his. The difficulty was,
how to bring about an accommodation, in the
way of which she had laid such almost insur-
mountable

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mountable difficulties, without descending from her dignity.

But the person who had defeated all her former schemes, assisted effectually to accomplish this. Betty had no sooner returned her sincere thanks to her master for his generosity, and wiped the blood off her face, though the marks of her mistress's nails were too deeply imprinted to be so soon effaced, than she thought it her duty to go and see how she was; and ask her pardon for having given her the trouble of honouring her with such a testimony of her notice.

The truth was, this faithful creature utterly disregarded what had happened to herself (for which, by the bye, her master's bounty had administered no bad salve) since she had so happily accomplished the end she had in view; and therefore went, perhaps, as much to enjoy her triumph over her mistress, as to pay her duty to her.

Mrs. *Juniper*, who had by this time formed her resolution, on seeing her enter, with the scars on her face still bleeding, felt, or affected to feel the strongest shame and regret for having treated her in a manner so unbecoming her own character. Instead of relapsing into rage, therefore, as Betty had expected. "Prithee, girl! (said she, with a softened look and voice)—How could you be so silly as to provoke me in such a manner, when you know the warmth of my temper? You turned my wrist so violently, that I believe you have put it out of joint. I never felt such pain in my life."

Betty, who had lived with her long enough to know all her turns, instantly took her cue. "Dear madam! (she answered, falling upon her knees)

“knees) I most heartily beg your pardon. But
 “really I was so terrified on account of my mas-
 “ter, that I knew not what I did; for you know
 “madam, the affair at *Bath* had like to have
 “cost the poor gentleman his life.”

“Well, child!—(replied Mrs. *Juniper*)—as
 “I believe the fault was in your judgment, ra-
 “ther than in your intention, I will endeavour
 “to think no more of it—and so—you may take
 “that cap, as your own is tumbled; and here
 “is something—(reaching her a guinea)—to
 “buy a bit of black plaster for the scratches on
 “your face.—But what is become of the un-
 “gracious varlet who was the occasion of all
 “this?—I suppose he is with his brute of a fa-
 “ther, rejoicing in the hope that I should never
 “recover out of the swoon into which the flurry
 “of my spirits, at the sight of him, as well as
 “the pain of my wrist, threw me; though I
 “verily believe, that if you had not interfered
 “so improperly, I should have turned fool my-
 “self, and forgiven him too.”—

“Indeed, madam, you do him the severest
 “wrong, (returned *Betty*) in thinking he could
 “rejoice at any thing hurtful to you. If you
 “had seen the agony that was painted in his
 “face, it would have endeared him to you for
 “ever.”

“Why then does he not come and see whe-
 “ther I am alive or not (said Mrs. *Juniper*) if
 “he was so much affected?”

“I am certain (answered *Betty*) that he is
 “kept away only by his fear that his presence
 “would be offensive to you; and will throw
 “himself, once more at your feet, the moment
 “I tell him he has your permission.”

“Stop

“Stop a minute!—(replied Mrs. Juniper)
“you must not say I know any thing of his
“coming; much less acquaint him with my
“weakness in his favour; that would be to en-
“courage his committing the same crime again.
“What you say must be as from yourself. The
“advance must positively come from him.”—

Betty naturally promised obedience, though she kept that promise no longer than till she saw her master, to whom she ran direct'y; and informing him of his mother's placable temper, as well as the motives of it, which she was too sharp-sighted not to see through all her cant, led him to her, where falling theatrically on his knees before her, she graciously condescended to ho'd forth her hand for him to kiss, though not till she had first given him a formal lecture on his fault, and blazoned in the highest colours her own lenity in forgiving it so easily.

CHAP. III.

PEACE being thus restored, there was nothing to be seen in the house but feasting and festivity on the recovery of the lost sheep; though it is more than probable that all were not equally sincere in the joy they professed. Mrs. Juniper saw that her consequence was lessened in the eyes of others, as well as in her own. She felt the dearest hopes of her heart endangered. An appearance of pleasure, therefore, however necessary on the occasion, could not but sit uneasy on her.

The happiness of Mr. Juniper, on the contrary, was without alloy. As the loss of his spirits had followed that of his son, they not only returned along with him, but brought back health also in their train. All his complaints vanished together. Far from remembering what he had suffered from his son's absence, much less balancing it against his present happiness, the fondness of his heart gave him all the merit of that happiness. He looked upon him as his better angel, who had not only preserved his life, but also made that life a blessing to him. His gratitude therefore knew no bounds. Nor did it affect his heart alone. His hand was also open; and he seemed to consider fortune as given to him for no other use but to give to his son, who, to do him that justice which is the duty of an

an historian, received his bounty as willingly, and dispersed it again as freely as it was bestowed.

As Jack's mind was too much taken up with this sudden change in his fortune, to think of the payment of his debts at York; if it was not, indeed, some natural defect in his memory, in regard to that particular subject, as he was never in his life known to remember it; his friend Betty, after two or three ineffectual hints to him, took the care upon herself. In a few days after he was thus happily re-established in his father's favour, she wrote *Herminie* word of it, as she had promised; desiring her, at the same time, to get a list of his debts, and send it to her; the obtaining of which was probably her principal motive for writing.

On receipt of the list, the amount of which both surprized and frightened her, she took a proper opportunity to lay it before his father, whom she had beforehand prepared for such a present. His surprize at the sight even exceeded hers, as she had not yet acquainted him with the way of life his son had been in; and which had led him into such extravagance. The first thought that struck him was, that the whole was a trick. After looking at her for some time, "Harkee, Betty! (said he) are you sure you are not imposed on in this matter? for I cannot think that you would attempt to impose upon me."

This suspicion was so natural, that Betty had foreseen, and accordingly prepared for it, by obtaining her young master's permission to reveal as from herself; and under a promise of secrecy, what he knew could not be long concealed. "Really, sir! (she replied) I will not
" be

“be answerable for the justness of the account;
“but, from certain circumstances, I am apt to
“fear it may be too right.”

This necessarily leading him to require an explanation of what she meant, she made a merit of acquainting him with our hero's story, so far as was necessary to the present purpose; concealing only his connection with *Hermione*, whose name she never once mentioned.

It is impossible to describe the manner in which he was affected by this account. The pride, however, which he felt from the praises she bestowed upon his son's abilities, soon overbalanced every other thought with his fond heart. He readily, therefore, gave into a proposal which she made, of writing to some person of credit in *York*, to examine the accounts; that sensible woman neither being satisfied herself of the justness of them, nor willing to run the remotest hazard of incurring his suspicion.

The event showed the prudence of her advice. The creditors, on being called upon to prove their accounts, readily made very large abatements, to avoid a judicial detection of their impositions, which they pretended in vain to justify, by the usual plea of the hazard they had run in giving credit to a person under age; though they could not but be sensible, that very plea ought to make void their whole demands, as it showed their being conscious at the time, that what they did was unjust.

The wretched *Hermione* though, came not off so well; as *Betty* positively refused to interfere in her behalf. The intercourse between *Juniper* and her, appeared to have been horrible, it is true; but that was not his reason. She had a
just

just claim upon his gratitude; a just demand of being paid the money she had lent him in the day of his distress; money procured by pawning, or selling every thing valuable in her possession. But this very justice defeated itself. The obligations conferred on him were written on sand; and the thought of paying was so painful, that while he was lavishing hundreds upon prostitutes, with whom he might, for aught he knew, be committing the same crime, he refused, or which was the same thing, he neglected to send her a shilling to buy a morsel of bread.

Though Mr. *Juniper* had promised *Betty* to keep the secret with which she had entrusted him, it was no more in his power to restrain his curiosity to see a proof of those abilities which she extolled so highly, than to live without air. The difficulty was, how to obtain such a proof, without seeming to break faith with her, or hurting his son's delicacy.

After beating his brains for some days, he at length happened upon an expedient which promised him success. As his son was sitting by his bed-side one morning, where he always breakfasted at his desire.—“How comes it, *Jack*!” (said he) that you have never told me the reason of your going away from school; and how you contrived to live while you were absent? “I have deferred asking you, in expectation of your informing me from yourself, as you may naturally think I must have a desire to know.”

Jack, who had long seen this question coming, was prepared for it. He answered with well-affected confusion, that his silence had proceeded from fear of giving him pain, by hearing of follies,

follies, which it gave himself the greatest pain to think of: and which nothing but the obedience he owed, and should always pay to his commands, could prevail upon to repeat now.

He then told him, that the sole cause of his elopement had been to free himself from his tutor, whose tyranny, and impositions of every kind, he was no longer able to bear; though he had forborne to complain of them, for fear of giving offence to his mother, who, he saw, was resolved to support him, even against the clearest conviction. And that—for his manner of living—he was ashamed—he was afraid to say—that, not daring to return home, and not knowing what else to do—he had—gone upon the stage.—

“Eh, boy! (returned his father, who now had him where he wished)—Upon the stage?
 “—How could that be?—What parts could you
 “—?”

The pleasure that sparkled in his eyes as he said this, convincing *Jack* that he had nothing to fear, he not only told him the parts he had played, but also gratified his curiosity with a proof of his abilities in each, to the inexpressible delight of his father, who valued himself more upon his son's being so clever a fellow, than if he had been made a peer of the realm.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR hero had another reason, beside that already given, for laying the blame of his elopement upon his tutor. This was to be revenged upon his mother, for her designs against him, by giving his father this lash over her, which he well knew he would often make her feel, as he accordingly never failed to do, and especially in company, in every difference in opinion between them, which was almost in every occurrence of their lives.

But this, however mortifying, was far from being the greatest mortification she met in consequence of her son's return. Her favourite Colonel was too constant a guest at her table, to remain long unacquainted with the fate of the will. Indeed, Mr. Juniper, whether it was that he suspected any thing of her real purpose, or only did it to indulge the pleasure he felt in giving her pain, took care to let him know, with a significant hint, that her power over his son's fortune was at an end.

The effect which this news had upon the Colonel soon shewed itself. He not only cooled in his addresses to Mrs. Juniper, but also publicly transferred them to a Dowager of her acquaintance, whose fortune was already in her possession.

This was too much for woman to bear. She dropped all company; and shutting herself up
in

OF JUNIPER-JACK. 141

in her closet to indulge religious meditation, sought consolation from her *Garde-à-vin*; which in a short time lulled all her cares to rest.

The death of Mrs. Juniper, as is generally the case with people of fashion, gave no great concern, nor made any alteration in her family. All things went on in the old way, there was the same state kept up; the same concourse of company with this difference only, that Jack, who was now absolutely master, dropped those he knew his father disliked; who, indeed were all his mother's favourites; and supplied their places with others, more to both their likings.

The inexhaustible fund of happiness, which the discovery of his son's theatrical talents opened to Mr. Juniper, whom he never refused to gratify with a *spout*, or a *take-off*, made him in return open his purse with such liberality, that our hero soon blazed forth with distinguished lustre, among the brightest youths of the age, his expences being directed by a taste to which the greater part of them were strangers. He was the favourite of the women, the envy of the men; he gained, he intrigued, he fought a duel; and to finish his character, he made a marriage of love, in high life, end in a divorce; though he fell somewhat short of the fashion, by not marrying his mistress.

He had sailed thus before the wind for some time, without ever considering, whither such a course might lead him; or taking the least warning from the fate of his companions, some of whom he saw overset, every day; when he was obliged to stop short, and think for a few minutes, by an accident; seldom disagreeable in his situation. This was the sudden death of his father;

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father; if the expiration of a lamp, that had glimmered in the socket, till the last drop of oil was burned out, can be called sudden; because it was not immediately extinguished by another cause.

This event opened new scenes to him. He had always thought, as indeed did the world, that his father's fortune was very large; for with all his indulgence to his son, all his illness, he ever kept the management of his affairs to himself; what then was his astonishment to find them in the most ruinous disorder. His government securities all gone. His estates in mortgage; and such long accounts running, as could not be discharged regularly, by his income; without the assistance of extraordinary expedients.

To complete his embarrassment, he had also heavy debts of his own; contracted, to conceal from his father the enormity of his expences, of which he was himself ashamed; particularly his losses at play; the company he now kept being too expert in their business to leave him any chance of winning upon the square, and too well versed in all its mysteries, for him to venture upon practising those arts, by which he had more than once stripped gamblers of inferior rank, for all which, he knew he should be called upon directly. In a word! he had inherited only the name, the shadow of a great fortune; the substance of which had been wasted long before.

There were few men, however, better qualified by nature to struggle with such a situation, the most difficult in which a young man can be placed. But there were a so many things against him, that he was soon brought to the same state as his father.

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him, that over-balanced his abilities; and enhanced that difficulty a thousand fold.

He was now in the twenty-fifth year of his age, the spring-tide of his blood; intoxicated with pleasure, the slave of passions that had never known restraint, and habituated to a style of life, which he could no longer continue, without certain ruin.

He started at the gloomy prospect; and for some hours thought seriously how it could be amended. But this was a pain severer to him, than the apprehension of any evil that could be warded off, only for a single day. He resolved, therefore, to proceed in his old way; and leave the event to fate. His father, he considered, had concealed the state of his affairs, and kept up his credit, to the last!—Why then might not he do the same?—And a man is never poor, till his poverty is known.

Fortune might also befriend him by various means, while he continued in her way; out of which any prudential scheme would totally remove him. He might marry some lady with a great fortune, and so get money to pay his debts. He might get into parliament, and shift off paying them, till he should repair his fortune, by some lucky job; and he should live as he liked, in the mean time.

CHAP.

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CHAP. V.

IT is an observation, drawn from universal experience, that the first exertion of an heir's authority, is to dismiss all the old servants of his predecessor. Whether this proceeds merely from a desire to shew that authority; or a resentment of their having at any time presumed to prefer their former master's pleasure to his, is a point, on which the opinions of the learned are much divided. But it is agreed by all, that the fact is invariably so, in every rank of life.

Our hero having performed the last duties to the remains of his father, with a pomp suited to the style of life, in which he had lived; and which his son was resolved to keep up, as long as he could, directly set his household in order, on that principle. Even his faithful friend Betty, whom a sense of his obligations to her, the most unpardonable fault a servant can have, made a pain to his sight, was obliged to retire on her pension, to make room for the favourite of his mother; who, he expected would be more obsequious to his will, as she had no such merit to presume upon.

These domestic matters being settled in the time sacred to the privacy of grief, he had scarcely returned the visits of condolence, when he received others of a very different kind both from his father's creditors, and his own; for all

of

of whom, except those of his *Honour*, whom he made a shift, however ruinous, to pay immediately, he had the same excuse ready, that he would send them, as soon as he should have time to look into his affairs.

But though this answer satisfied, or seemed to satisfy them for the present, he was sensible that it would soon be worn out; much sooner, too probably, than he could have another ready that might be even equally satisfactory, if he did not look about him betimes.

Of the two methods in which he had proposed to himself to hunt fortune, by marrying, or getting into parliament, the former appeared the more eligible on many accounts. The advantage would not only be readier, but also the terms of it less irksome. A man need not live with his wife longer than he liked her, after he had gotten possession of her fortune; but from the drudgery of a placeman there is no respite. If he will eat, he must earn his daily bread by his daily labour.

Favourably for his scheme, his heart was free from every attachment that might have damped his ardour in such a pursuit. If he had ever regarded any woman with a preference, it was Miss Oak-heart—(Mrs. Wilson)—but even for her, he felt little more than that appetite, imprinted by nature, on every thing that has life, for the continuation of the species. Besides, he was then but a boy. Since that, the facility of success, wherever his fancy led him, prevented his fixing; for it is difficulty only that confirms love.

On throwing his eyes around him, he was soon convinced, that the proper object of his

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purſuit was not to be found in high life; the females of which, he knew, to be all upon the ſame look out with himſelf; thoſe few, who had any fortune being as eager for more, as the reſt were for a certainty of being maintained, in a ſtate ſuited to their birth; ſo that there was nothing to be done there.

No more, he was ſenſible, could he expect to ſucceed, where youth and beauty were in the ſame ſcale with fortune, even in an inferior rank, a title being the price, fixed with them. In a word, if he would have money, he muſt lay his account with taking age, or deformity, perhaps both, along with it, in the bargain.

This, however, was no very great objection with him. Could he have his choice, he certainly would chuſe a wife, as well as a fortune, to his liking. But, as that was not the caſe, he would even be ſatisfied with the fortune, be the wife what ſhe might.

But notwithſtanding this readineſs on his ſide, the affair was not ſo eaſy to be accompliſhed. There were ſo many bidders at market, that a good thing was snapped up in a minute; ſo that after a conſiderable time ſpent in looking out, he was as much to ſeek, as the firſt day.

In the mean while, he was far from being at his eaſe at home. The ſame of his having ſucceeded to a large fortune, had directly marked him out to his companions, as a pigeon worth plucking; in conſequence of which, his leſſes at play became more frequent, and heavier than ever; it being impoſſible for two eyes, without he had one of them in his pole, to watch twenty, placed all around him. For any one man, perhaps

perhaps he was a match : but the greatest valour must yield to odds.

The report of his losses also, which cannot be concealed, and are never lessened, alarmed his creditors, with apprehensions of being too late, if they lost any time. His tradesmen all sent in their bills. His mortgagees began to talk of fore-closing ; and his very servants, who instantly discover a master's difficulties, and from their great honesty make them known, that other honest people may take care of themselves, concluding that there would not much longer be any thing for them to plunder, began to slacken in their attention, and look out for other places.

CHAP. VI.



HE had struggled in this situation for some time, harassed, but not dispirited, without being able to do any thing toward extricating himself, when he bethought him of seeking relief at a place where, of all places in the world, he might have been thought to have the least reason to expect it.

This was at church; whither the success of some of his acquaintances, in a like situation, encouraged him to betake himself, in search of a wife; the votaries of religion being ever found to be well inclined to love, in an honest way; and ready to share their good things of this world, in return for it; the ardour of devotion kindling a charitable and pious desire of rescuing deserving young men from wickedness, and want.

To this success, it is true, there seemed to lie some objections, from the notorious libertinism of his life, and impiety of his conversation. But this was only with those, who viewed things in a superficial light. Beside the universal maxim, that a young sinner makes the best saint, the honour of such a convert, he knew, would excite the piety of those worthy females to run any risk.

In order therefore to lose no time, as indeed he had none to lose, if he would avoid being

torn

torn to pieces, the thought no sooner struck him, than he resolved to reconnoitre the flock of one of those *self-called* reformers, who affecting a superior zeal, soar above the reason of their hearers, as well as the religion of their country; and by declaiming against the pleasures of life, secure to themselves a double portion of them, while by their enthusiastic rant, they inflame the minds of their followers, to a susceptibility of any impression.

He repaired accordingly, that very evening to a celebrated conventicle, the pastor of which had himself succeeded in the same pursuit, where it was his hap to be shewn into a pew, in which he found a gentleman of his acquaintance, in company with two ladies, to whom he seemed to pay particular respect.

The circumstance hit our hero's scheme so critically, that he could not help being affected by it, and regarding them with an attention that struck the notice of their conductor, who attributing it to curiosity, gave him an opportunity of gratifying it, by inviting him to pass the evening with them at his house.

Little as the reader may expect it, a sense of the strange business he was upon, affected our hero so strongly, that in spite of his natural vivacity, his experience in the world, and all its ways, he could not conceal, much less conquer his embarrassment. There was, however, a singularity, a something in the appearance of the ladies, that made this embarrassment seem no more than surprize. Their dress, which was unfashionably rich, sat uneasy on them. They stared at every thing they saw, as if they were at a loss what to make of it.

A co-

A congeniality in their features told their relation, before they were announced as mother and daughter. The mother, who was arrived at what the *French* call a *certain age*, appeared to have been very handsome, or rather had one of those faces which look best at that age, their features having wanted sufficient softness and delicacy in youth; and consequently wearing better than those of a finer texture. Her conversation shewed strong natural sense; but there was a coarseness in her sentiments, a vulgar freedom in her behaviour, that betrayed a total want of good breeding.

But the case was not the same with the daughter. She had all the natural endowments, unallayed by the disadvantages under which her mother laboured. Her age appeared to be about eighteen. Her figure was elegant; and her face, if not regularly beautiful, was animated by a sensibility and sweetness, more pleasing than any beauty.

The freedom of Mrs. Cowskin's behaviour—(that was the name of the ladies)—soon restoring our hero to himself, he displayed his powers of pleasing in so many various lights, that she took such a liking to his company, as to invite him to her house the next evening; which, it may be supposed, he did not decline; especially as he had often caught her eyes intently fixed upon him; a circumstance that seemed auspicious to his hopes.

To be certain, however, that he was upon a right scent, as he knew there were such things as cheats in the world, he stayed them out; when his friend asking him jocosely, what wind had blown him to such a place as a church? he

answered

answered carelessly, that having nothing to do, he had come out of idle curiosity, to see in what manner people spent their time there.

“Whether your curiosity was idle or not
“ (answered the gentleman)—your indulging it
“ may turn out the luckiest incident of your
“ life, if you can improve the acquaintance
“ you have made there, so as to get either of
“ those ladies.”—He then proceeded to tell
him, that they were the widow and only daughter of a tobacco-planter in *Virginia*, who had died lately, and left them an immense fortune. One circumstance, indeed, he added, which was not quite so pleasing; that the mother had been a transported convict, whom her master had married; a piece of good fortune not uncommon in those countries.

C H A P. VII.

THOUGH this intelligence determined him to level his aim at the daughter, he saw the necessity of keeping fair with the mother at the same time; not only because of her influence, but also to secure the reversion of her fortune; a circumstance which threatened more difficulty in his undertaking, than he had at first apprehended; especially if she should have unfortunately taken a liking to him herself, as the earnestness with which she kept her eyes fixed upon him the whole evening, seemed to say.

This, however, was a difficulty too distant to come yet into consideration; and for surmounting which, he must depend upon contingencies, at whose management no man was readier than himself. He paid his visit therefore at the time appointed, when his fears seemed to be confirmed, by his finding the mother only at home.

The agitation in her looks, as she received him, did not lessen his apprehension. After the usual formalities, she seated herself beside him on a sofa; and with an anxiety impossible to be restrained, said she had a favour to ask, upon his granting which, the happiness of her future life depended; which was that he would open his bosom, and let her see his left breast.

Strange as such a request seemed, it was impossible to refuse complying with it. He opened his bosom therefore, where she no sooner saw the mark,

mark, which the reader may possibly recollect, or if he does not, I must beg leave to remind him, that his own mother, Mrs. *Whiskey*, had imprinted there, to prevent his being changed upon her, before she sent him to be educated at the parish academy, as hath been related at large in the beginning of this accurate and faithful history, than giving a loud scream, she threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him in the tenderest manner, unable to speak from the fulness of her heart.

It is impossible to describe the confusion of our hero, when the servants, alarmed by the cry, entered and caught him in this situation. He would have disengaged himself; but she held him so fast, that he was obliged to remain in her arms, while she gave vent to the passions with which her heart was bursting, by a flood of tears.

As soon as she had recovered power to speak, she ordered the servants out of the room; and then turned to our hero, as he sat, utterly lost in amazement—"Tell me (said she, with wildness in her looks)—"Tell me, I conjure you, how long you have had that mark on your breast; and if you know how you got it?"—

"Madam!—(he answered, little less affected than she)—"I presume I got it from nature; for I remember it as long as I remember myself."

"Gracious Heaven! (she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with joy)—"It must be he!—But the name of *Juniper*!—How can that be?"—(Then pausing for some moments, wrapped in thought)—"Will you, my dearest sir!—I am almost tempted to call you by a still dearer name; but it is not yet time.—Will you an-

“swer me another question, on which the happiness of my life, and possibly the welfare of yours depends. Have you always gone by your present name?”

“Good God! madam! (he replied) What name should I go by, but that of my father?”

“O!—(she returned, shaking her head)—“You will hear strange things! But do not be alarmed! they will do you no injury! Tell me then, I say, are there any of the people living who attended you in your infancy; for on that all depends?”—

“Yes!—(said he).—The nurse who suckled me at her breast.”—

“Oh! where is she! (she returned in a transport of joy—where is she?)—“Let her be sent for this moment! she, and she only, can set my heart at rest.—Where are you going?—You shall not stir from this place! You shall not leave my sight a moment; till we see this woman together. Let her be sent for instantly, as you regard your own welfare.”—

“Madam!—(he replied, as well as his astonishment would permit him to speak)—“What can all this mean? The woman you desire to see, lives several miles out of town.”—

“If she lived at the farthest corner of the kingdom!—(she returned)—never will I let you out of my sight till we both see her. Let her therefore be sent for this instant! I told you before that you need not be alarmed. Let the event be as it may, you shall have no reason to repent your complying with my request.”—

The earnestness with which she spoke was not to be resisted. He called for his servant, and in her

her hearing, ordered him to go directly with the post-chaise to *Mill-hill*, for nurse *Barns*, and bring her to him there, where he should stay till his return with her.

“And now, Madam! (he continued, as soon as the servant had left the room)—“Give me leave to beg, that you will explain a scene which tears my soul with amazement and anxiety, too strong to be supported. I have complied with every request of yours; and hope you will not refuse me this!”—

“You shall be satisfied!—(she answered)—“To the highest wish of your heart; you shall be satisfied, you may be assured. But I must conjure you to wait till the arrival of the nurse, when I am convinced, strange things will come out: and in return I promise to comply with any request you can make of any kind whatsoever.”—Saying which, she rung for tea, in order that the presence of the servants in attendance might put a stop to any further importunity from him; whereupon as he saw her design, he directly attempted to enter into conversation on common subjects! but both their minds were too much taken up, too anxious for the arrival of the nurse, to let them think of any thing else.

C H A P. VIII.

THEY were relieved however from this painful state much sooner than they expected; the servants having luckily found the nurse at her master's house, whither she frequently came to pay him a visit.

As soon as she entered, Mrs. Cowskin herself locked the door of the room, and leading them into a closet to prevent all possibility of their being over-heard, made her sit down, and with a look, in which were expressed the strongest emotions that could agitate the human heart; "My dear good woman!—(said she taking her by the hand in a friendly manner) "You are brought here about an affair upon which the welfare of this gentleman as well as my happiness depends. I know it is hard for people to accuse themselves; but then, it is better to submit to that hardship, than run the hazard of dying in unrepented sin; for without confession there can be no repentance. It is better to suffer shame here for a short time, than eternal misery hereafter. Nor that your shame will be public either; it will be known only to this gentleman and me; and it will be our interest to conceal it, as much as yours."—

Then observing that the poor woman was greatly affected by what she said, "I conjure
"you

“you now—(she continued)—by the living God,
 “and all your hopes of mercy from him, that
 “you declare, whether this gentleman; is to the
 “best of your knowledge, really the son of Mr.
 “*Juniper*; and if not from whom you had him
 “when an infant; and I swear to you by the
 “same God, that your answer shall never turn
 “to your prejudice in any respect, as I dare to
 “say he will also.”—

It is impossible to describe the situation of the woman, at this solemn adjuration. She looked around her, terrified and amazed, as afraid either to speak or hold her tongue, till encouraged at length by her foster-son's giving her the same assurance as she had received from the lady, though his own anxiety and affright were scarcely less than hers, “Well then!—(said she, falling on her knees, and raising her hands and eyes towards Heaven)—“I will give honour to
 “God, let what will happen to me! and declare
 “a truth, with which my heart has long been
 “bursting.”—Having said which, she directly informed them of the manner, in which she had gotten our hero from the parish nurse, as it hath been recorded at large, in the first book of this accurate and faithful history.

The situation of her hearers, as she was speaking was most different; while the face of Mrs. *Cowslip* glowed with joyful exultation, our hero stood petrified with astonishment, shame, and despair. But she suffered him not to remain long in that state. The moment the nurse had ended, she ran to him; and throwing her arms again about his neck.—“O my child! my child!—(said she, blotting his face with her tears, as she pressed it to her bosom)—“Have I found
 “you

“you my dear child, after I had given up all
 “hopes of such happiness?”—Then falling up-
 on her knees——“O God!——(she continued)
 “How wonderful are all thy ways! how great
 “your goodness to me a poor sinner? all I de-
 “sire more in this world, is only to live a few
 “days, that I may be able to make some amends
 “to my child for my former wicked neglect of
 “him; and then I shall die in peace.”

Having said this she arose; and turning to
 our hero, whose heart was too much agitated to
 return her caresses with equal warmth, “I won-
 “der not, my son! (said she)—at the confu-
 “sion with which I see you overwhelmed at
 “this discovery! but be not alarmed, the secret
 “is known only to those whose interest it is to
 “keep it, so that you have no reason to fear
 “disgrace; and as for any thing else, you must
 “have too much good sense to think the worse
 “of yourself for the fault of your parents. But
 “these are matters which we will talk of at a-
 “nother time. The first thing to be done is to
 “reward this dear good woman for her care of
 “my child; and encourage her to keep the se-
 “cret henceforth as well as she has done hither-
 “to.”—Saying which, she went to her bureau,
 and putting fifty guineas in a purse gave them
 to her; telling her, that if she would take her
 voluntary oath upon the bible, never to mention
 a syllable of the affair to any one living, she
 would give her as much every year of her life;
 a condition with which the nurse gladly compli-
 ed; and then departed with an happy heart.

As soon as she was gone, “your surprise is so
 “great, my dear child!”—(said Mrs. Cowskin,
 seating herself again upon the sofa, and making
 him

him sit down by her, while she took him fondly by the hand)—“that you cannot share in the
 “joy of your mother on this happy discovery!
 “but that surprize will be turned to joy also!
 “I make no doubt, when I shall tell you, that
 “your once poor miserable mother, who was
 “transported for an offence against the law
 “which she was basely led into, by one, in
 “whose judgment she had placed her confi-
 “dence; and which she knew not to be an of-
 “fence liable to such punishment, when she
 “was guilty of it; and who was obliged to a-
 “bandon her poor infant to the charity of the
 “world, is now honestly mistress of fifty thou-
 “sand pounds; one half of which I will give
 “you directly, and leave you the rest at my
 “death; so that I do not suppose you will be
 “any great loser by giving up to the true heirs
 “the fortune you have without any just right
 “inherited to their prejudice; as without a due
 “regard to justice no man can expect happiness
 “in this world, much less in the next.”—

The reader will readily believe that this news quieted all the uneasiness which so strange a discovery had given our hero; especially, as he could easily satisfy his mother's scruples about the necessity of making such a restitution as she proposed; Mr. *Juniper* having left no relation whom he knew of in the world; his origin being as obscure; and probably from the same reason as that of his supposed son.

Having recovered his usual presence of mind, therefore, he threw himself at his mother's feet, and taking her hand, kissed it with filial reverence and affection, while she with much greater sincerity, heaped the blessings of her full heart upon his head.

C H A P.

C H A P. IX.

AS soon as she had somewhat shaken off the softness of such a scene, she told him that the story of her life was too long for her to enter upon then, as she expected the return of her daughter every moment, whose anxiety to know the event of their meeting was little less than her own had been; it having been out of her power to conceal from her the cause of the emotions she had felt, on thinking of the bare possibility of so happy a discovery; assuring him, that he need be under no apprehension of her making an improper use of their confidence, as she had ever shewn a discretion above her age. Beside, that it was better to make a merit by entrusting her voluntarily with what she must know of necessity, as nothing else could justify her own giving him so large a part of her fortune.

This last was sufficient to remove all objections; he therefore without hesitation assented to her opinion in that engaging manner, which makes compliance doubly pleasing; declaring, that his heart had felt such prepossession in favour of his sister the moment he saw her, as could be the work of nature only, from whose inexplicable hints he supposed his mother's enquiries must also have proceeded.—“Not at all!”—“my dear child!”—(she answered)—“my enquiries
“rise

“ries arose from another cause. Whether
 “there may be such a power in nature as you
 “speak of, I will not pretend to say, being a
 “poor unlearned woman. It was a particular
 “cast of your eyes that discovered you to my
 “heart, on which it was too deeply imprinted
 “ever to be forgotten, though God forgive me,
 “it had once a very different effect upon it.”—

Just as she said this her daughter entered;
 and looking anxiously at her mother, our hero,
 who never was at a loss to do any thing with the
 best grace, instantly ran to her; and clasping
 her in his arms, “Am I so happy—(said he
 “as to embrace a sister, whom my heart ac-
 “knowledged the first moment I saw her?”—

“O madam! O sir!—(exclaimed she, far
 from declining his embrace) “Is it possible? are
 “we all so happy?”—A few tears of joy, a tri-
 bute which our hero had always at command,
 having calmed their emotions, Mrs. Cowskin re-
 quested that her son would gratify her anxious
 curiosity with an account of himself, promising
 to give him her history in return, the next morn-
 ing.

Though he could not refuse complying with
 this request, he did not think it necessary to be
 too explicit, or confine himself literally within
 the precise limits of truth, in the account she
 should give. He therefore made up such an one
 as he thought most proper for his purpose, on
 the same principles with that, which he had on
 a former occasion given *Maria*; concealing what
 he did not desire she should know, and imagined
 there was no danger of her discovering; and
 giving such a turn to the rest, as he judged most
 likely to work upon her passions and palliate his
 own

own faults; concluding with a solemn assurance, in confirmation of what he had before said of the power of nature, that his heart had never felt the same tender emotions, in return for all the fondness of Mr. and Mrs. *Juniper*, as it did that very moment; an assurance, not improbably true, except in the single instance of Mr. *Juniper*'s kind reception of him, after his first elopement, though whether from the motive which he would insinuate, the reader is left to judge.

The effect of such a tale need not be told. His mother and sister, whose sympathetic tears of grief or joy had accompanied every incident of it, once more embraced him; and congratulating each other on a discovery, from which they promised themselves so much happiness, separated in sentiments of the most sincere regard.

The state of our hero's mind, when he came to reflect on these matters, is most difficult to be described. Though he had ever held pride of family in the most sovereign contempt, perhaps because he was conscious that he had no title to it, there was something so humiliating, even in his own eyes, in the thought of, having been an out-cast, a creature of public charity, that his heart revolted against it; and he resolved to struggle with his fate, rather than submit to such a disgrace.

But a minute's reflection shook this resolution. The case, he was persuaded, was far from being uncommon, even in the highest ranks of life. The matter only was to keep it secret; of doing which, as his mother had rightly observed, there was no great danger, it being known only to those whose interest it was to conceal it.

Beside,

Beside, the immediate acquisition of such a fortune as would extricate him from all his difficulties, and the certainty of as much more on the death of his mother, not to mention the chance of his sister's death; for his mind was not so filled, but he could extend his view to every possible contingency, were arguments of too great weight to be resisted. He resolved therefore to follow fortune willingly, as far as she should be inclined to lead him, while she was in so good a humour.

He repaired accordingly to Mrs. Cowkin's next morning, as she had desired, when he again found her alone, her daughter not desiring to hear what she already knew; or her mother, perhaps not desiring that she should hear more.

Having given orders that no person should be let in, she led her son into her closet, and seating him beside her, gave him the following account of her life; the first part of which the reader will find to have been formed nearly upon the same principle with that given her by him, the day before; with this difference, that though probably she told nothing but the truth, yet not being sworn to tell the whole truth, she thought herself at liberty to pass over what she did not choose to tell.

10-11-68

1. The first of these is the fact that the
2. second of these is the fact that the
3. third of these is the fact that the
4. fourth of these is the fact that the
5. fifth of these is the fact that the
6. sixth of these is the fact that the
7. seventh of these is the fact that the
8. eighth of these is the fact that the
9. ninth of these is the fact that the
10. tenth of these is the fact that the

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

This image shows a blank, aged, light gray page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a visible texture and is covered with numerous small, dark specks, possibly dust or foxing. There is no text or other markings on the page.

T H E
L I F E A N D A D V E N T U R E S
O F
J U N I P E R - J A C K .

B O O K V .
C H A P T E R I .

“BEFORE I begin my own sad story (said she) it may not be improper to inform you, that I am descended from one of the best families in my country; a family who were princes, before most of your nobility were gentlemen. You smile at what I say; but you have no reason. No man ever made light of being of a good family, who was of one himself; or whose actions did not disgrace it.”

“Dear madam! (answered he, by no means desiring to give her offence)—I most humbly ask your pardon. The smile you observed, proceeded not from the cause you suppose; no man having a juster sense of the honour of being well born than myself. It was the thought, that I have never yet met any one from our country, for your country must be mine, who was not descended

scended from princes, though without a shoe to his feet, or a morsel of bread to eat."

"Very true, my dear!--(she replied) and it is such foolish pretences which make the truth ridiculous. But that is not our case. Your own histories will shew you what the *O'Rooks* were in former days; and if they are down at present, that is no proof to the contrary. Every man who comes into the world is subject to the chances of it; and so must every family of course. But to return—

"My father having a large family, and but little means of providing for it, three of my brothers went into the *French* service, scorning to dishonour themselves, as they said, by working for their bread at home; and I, having the same spirit, came along with a kinsman of ours to this town, where, he said, I could not fail of making my fortune by marriage, as two of my cousins had done a little before; being reckoned a comely girl in those days, little appearance of any such thing as I have now."—Saying which, she looked in the glass which stood opposite to her, while her son made her a bow, accompanied with a smile, which was far from being so offensive as the former.

"The difficulties I struggled with (she continued) in such a place as this, without money or friends, for the one I came over with soon left me to shift for myself, need not be told. In short, after suffering more than I am able to describe, I fell a prey to the wiles of a base man, who took advantages of my confidence in him to bring me to sin and shame; and then, as neither of us was able to maintain the fruits of our folly, I was persuaded by him to send a letter to a gentleman,

tleman, threatening to lay the child to him, if he would not provide for it; as the other said he was sure he would do, rather than have such a thing laid publicly to his charge.

"But instead of complying with my demand, the gentleman prosecuted me for it; and the very villain who wrote the letter, for, God help me, I could not at that time even write my name, turning evidence against me, I was sentenced to be transported for seven years, when I was forced to leave you, my poor, innocent, helpless infant, to the charity of the wide world."—At which words she burst into a flood of tears; neither could her son, with all his heroism, moved at the agonies in which she appeared to be, or perhaps at the reflection of the state he had been left in, forbear accompanying her.

Shaking off such an usual weakness, however, just as she was going to resume her story—"But, madam!—(said he) you have not informed me to whom I am indebted for my being. I should be glad, if you please, to know my father as well as my mother."—

"That, my dear child!—(she answered, blushing as she wiped her eyes) is a secret I cannot inform you of. When I once make a promise, nothing in this world can influence me to break it. This you may be assured of, you are well-begotten."—

"That I have no doubt of, madam!—(said he, smiling) Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me. A bungler never helped to make this leg."

"Well, well! (she replied) I can excuse your pleasantry upon such an occasion. It is natural. But as I was saying—On my arrival in *Virginia*,
I was

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I was sold for the seven years of my sentence, like a cow or a horse; though I had found means to make such provision, not only for my voyage, but also for obtaining my liberty, on my arrival, by paying the captain for my passage, that I might have reasonably expected a better fate; but the villain robbed me both of my clothes and money, and then treated me in that base manner.

CHAP. II.

"I Need not say what I suffered. I was so shocked, that I was often tempted to put an end to my misery by death. But Heaven, that had the happiness of this day in store, inspired me with better resolution.

"My master, who was very rich, and had a way of thinking much above the generality of his countrymen, sent me to a plantation which he had a great way back in the country, in the care of a steward, under whom I was to manage the female slaves.

"If there is any state that can justify our being ashamed of our nature, it is that I was now placed in. To one who has any feelings of humanity, it is worse, even than that of the miserable creatures placed under our care, because of the cruelties we are obliged to treat them with. It struck me with such horror, that I resolved, if I could not perform my duty in another manner, I would give up my charge, let what would become

become of me; for I could not bear to treat fellow-creatures, and of my own sex too, worse than brute beasts ought to be treated.

“ Unable to bear the thought of driving them to their work with a whip, and giving them a lash at every word, I took the opportunity, one Sunday, when they were all together, to propose another method to them; promising, that if they would mind their business carefully, and behave themselves like *Christians*, I would treat them all as such, *Blacks* as well as *Whites*; and as a proof that I intended to keep my word, when I went with them to their work the next morning, I left my whip at home.

“ I am ashamed to say, that the poor *Blacks* seemed more sensible of this kindness than the *Whites*; most of whom were such reprobate creatures, that there was no good to be got of them by fair means.

“ But this, instead of disappointing my design, as I at first apprehended, only promoted it; for the *Blacks*, who were many times more in number, finding themselves well used when they behaved well, and seeing the *Whites* treated with the severity they deserved, exerted such endeavours to merit a continuance of their happiness, that our plantation soon became the wonder of all the country, though few or none had the goodness to imitate the conduct to which it was owing; for the steward, though he at first disapproved my scheme, as impracticable, no sooner saw it succeed, than he took the same method also with the men, and with the same success; so that when nothing was to be heard in the neighbouring fields but the cracks of the whip, and cursing and howling, our work went

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on with pleasure and happiness to all parties, slaves as well as managers.

"I must not though take the merit of this entirely to myself. I have said that most of the *White* women under my care were reprobate creatures; but they were not all such. On my first going to the plantation I found there a young girl, who was dying of a broken heart. The sight naturally moved my compassion. I gave her every assistance, every comfort in my power; and soon had the pleasure to see that they were not without effect.

"The grateful creature omitted nothing in her power to shew her sense of my kindness. It was by her advice that I first attempted to change the manner of treating the slaves; and by her assistance that I was able to bring it, at least, so suddenly, to effect. I wished the thing myself, to be sure, or I should not have undertaken it; but without her I should never have known how to go about it; for she was much more sensible, and better educated than I had been.

"Nor was this my only obligation to her; she taught me to read and write, and to cast accounts; for God help me, I knew not a letter in a book when I went over; and this she did so secretly, that no one suspected what we were about, till I was perfect mistress of those most necessary parts of education; so that my having wanted them was never known. She also not only taught me how to read, but likewise gave me a taste for reading; especially the Holy Bible, with which she was perfectly well acquainted.

"You

"You will wonder certainly, as I did at first, how such a person could have fallen into so low a state, for she had come over a convict as well as myself. Her story is as short as it was melancholy. She was the daughter of an officer, who had given her the best education, but being killed in the wars, his widow, who had nothing but her miserable pension to support herself and five children, of whom this was the eldest, put her to wait upon a lady of quality; some of whose jewels being missing, the poor girl was accused by her of having stolen them, because she alone had access to the place where they were kept; and without any other proof, sentenced to transportation, for a crime of which, with her dying breath, she declared herself innocent; and that she was morally certain her lady had made away with the jewels herself to a Jew, to pay some play-debts, which she was afraid to let her husband know of.—

CHAP. III.

"IT was our master's custom to visit all his plantations once in every year at the least, just when the crops were got in, both to see the produce, and give directions for the next year's cultivation.

"A fit of sickness having prevented his coming to our plantation the first year of my being there; when he came at the end of the second, his surprize at the alteration, which he saw in every thing belonging to him, is not to be expressed. There was almost double the work done, and in a better manner than ever; at the same time that his slaves were all in good health and good spirits, and received him with acclamations of joy.

"On his demanding the reason of so advantageous a change, the steward honestly told him, that it was all owing to me. Whether he had ever taken notice of me before or not, I cannot say; but during the rest of his stay with us, he never let me out of his company; and when he was going away, asked me whether I had rather stay where I was, or go with him.

"The look he gave me when he asked this question, was too significant to be misunderstood. I answered modestly, however, that it was not for me, whose fate was in his disposal for five years, to presume to choose."

"But—

"But—(said he) if you had your choice?—"

"If I had, sir—(I answered) I would certainly choose to live with you; because there I could have an opportunity of going to church, and performing the duties of my religion, which I have not here."

"Though he said no more to me at that time, I could plainly perceive that he was affected by the answer I had made him; and waited the consequence with much anxiety.

"You must not imagine, my dear child, that the reason I gave him for wishing to leave the place I was in, was only a pretence. My tutors, my friend, my best of friends, had awoke me from the state of insensibility in which I had, till then been, in respect to those matters; and I will presume to say, given my mind a true turn to piety.

"I had been educated in the religion of the church of *Rome*, and taught to believe, that every one who was not of the same, was in a state of damnation. But this excellent young woman soon convinced me of my error; and that that very doctrine shewed it not to be the true church of *Christ*, the spirit of whose religion is universal charity; and who himself expressly forbids us to judge, lest we be judged.

"I do not set up for great knowledge; but I bless God, I am able to distinguish right from wrong, when laid before me. The *Romans* pretend that their religion is founded upon the sacred scriptures; but will not let the people read those scriptures. What can this be for, but to prevent their impositions from being discovered? especially as it is expressly commanded to search the scriptures, and hold by that which is best.

“ For these reasons, I say, among many others which were shewn to me by my friend, I heartily renounced a religion which I had received in my infancy, in the same manner as I should have received that of the *Turks* or *Pagans*, had I happened to be born in the countries where they are professed; and embraced that of the church of *England*, which my reason convinced me was really derived from those sacred fountains of divine truth, because it inculcates the precepts taught in them.

“ Our master having said no more to me at that time, I concluded that he had only spoken for his amusement; and therefore continued my occupation with as much diligence as ever, fully rewarded for all the pains I took, by the happy effects I daily saw from them.

“ But what was my surprize about two months after; that is to say, when he had returned home from visiting all his plantations, and transacting the business of the year, to receive a letter from him, desiring that I would commit my charge to the person whom I thought most capable of conducting it in the manner I had done, and come to take upon me the care of his own family.

“ Such a change of situation, to be sure, was far from being unwelcome to me. But the thought of leaving my friend damped my joy so far, that if I had dared, I verily believe I would have given up all my hopes for the sake of her company; so faithfully was my heart united to her.

“ But even if I would have made such a sacrifice, she would not have permitted me. ‘No,’ —(said she, with tears streaming from her eyes) —My best, my only friend! Never shall my gain

be built upon your loss. Pursue the road which heaven leads you; while I remain here, and supply your place as well as I can, to the poor creatures whose benefactress you have so piously been.'

CHAP. IV.

"ON my arrival at my master's, I was immediately set at the head of his family, and treated in every respect as on a level with himself. What this led to was easily seen. At the end of a few days, he asked me one evening, as we were sitting alone together after supper, whether I was a married or a single woman? and on my answering the latter; whether I was under any engagement of any kind, that might prevent my accepting an advantageous offer?

"As this question was rather equivocal, and I had made a covenant with my own soul, never to depart from the ways of virtue and honour again, I replied that I was perfectly free, both in thought and deed, to do any thing which my inclination and conscience should approve.

"What do you mean by conscience?—(he returned) Would you refuse to live with me as a wife, but without the ceremony of marriage, if I should secure you a genteel provision in case of our separating, either by death or otherwise?

"That I would—and that I do, sir,—(I answered bursting into a flood of tears)—Though you were to give me all you are worth in the world,

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were it ten times as much as it is. That I have been unfortunate, I cannot deny (for the crime for which we are transported is always known). But I have seen my sin, and I hope, made my peace with Heaven; which no consideration in this life shall ever tempt me to offend in the same manner again.—

“ And now, my truly honoured master!— (I continued, falling on my knees, while the tears streamed down my cheeks) if this was the motive of your sending for me, I humbly beg, I beseech you in the name of that God, whose creatures we both equally are, to let me go back again to the plantation from which you have brought me, to those cares, which I know to be pleasing to him, as well as profitable to you; and to the latest hour of my life, I will never cease to pray for your prosperity and happiness, both here, and hereafter.

“ The agony of soul in which I spoke, as well as the substance of what I said, seemed to affect him greatly. He arose directly from table; and walking a turn or two across the room, went away without making me any reply.

“ The anxiety of mind in which I passed that night, is not to be described. However, it lasted not longer than that night. When we met at breakfast the next morning, he appeared to be as little at ease as myself, nor spoke a syllable to me, till I desired to know his commands for dinner; when, instead of making me any answer, “ Nanny, (said he, fixing his eyes earnestly upon me, as if to read my soul)—I desire to know if what you said last night, is your unalterable resolution ?”—

“ Indeed,

"Indeed, Sir, it is!—(I answered, bursting again into tears) a resolution which the fear of instant death should not make me break."—

"But, suppose I should have a design to marry you? (said he)—Have you any objection to that?"—

"Your honour is pleased to jest with your poor servant!—(I replied)—I am sure such a great gentleman as you can have no such design."—

"But, what if I should?—(he returned)—What would you do?"—

"I would gratefully devote every hour of my life, every thought of my soul—(I answered) to your pleasure and happiness."—

"Well then!—(said he, advancing to me, and throwing his arms around my neck)—E'en let it be so, *Nanny*! And in return, I promise you shall want nothing in my power to make you happy."—

"Extraordinary as such a marriage would seem here, there is nothing strange in them in those countries, where most of the inhabitants are sprung from the like. Mr. Cowskin would have had ours solemnized with great magnificence, but I dissuaded him, saying, it would be soon enough for me to take state upon me, when I should have proved by my conduct, that I deserved it."—

"My first design in saying this, it is true, was to please him, as I knew his disposition was turned to economy. Not but that it was my own desire too, being embarrassed at the thought of appearing in such splendour, where I had but little more than two years before, been exposed

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to sale like a brute beast, till the nine days of wonder, as we say, should first be past.

“ This answer raised me still higher in his favour ; because he was pleased to say, it shortened the delay of his happiness. We were accordingly married that very evening ; when I was put in possession of every thing I could be thought to wish for in this world.

“ As I was sensible that in my present state I should more than ever want the advice and instructions of my friend, I took the first opportunity to make it a request to my husband, that he would let her come and live with me ; which he readily complied with.

“ Our joy, at meeting, was equal to what we had suffered at our being parted. I was now truly happy in every respect, but on your account, of whom I could never think, without the deepest concern ; though, as I knew not how to remedy myself, being utterly afraid to mention you to my husband, I own, I strove to think of you as little as I could.

“ In the mean time I profited so well by the instructions of my friend, that I did not disgrace the state to which I was raised ; and behaved myself with such civility to every one I conversed with, which was quite contrary to the usual method, with people in my situation, who absurdly think to hide their former misery by haughtiness and pride, that I soon became loved and respected by all who knew me ; particularly my husband, whose goodness to me knew no bounds, especially when I brought him a son at the end of the year.

“ But this event, which completed his happiness, was far from having the same effect with me.

me. The thought of the different state in which that son and you were, if you were still alive, haunted me night and day, to that degree, that all my care could not conceal my unhappiness.

“ My husband, whose love was too attentive not to discover immediately, that something more than ordinary was the matter, often pressed me, in the tenderest manner, to let him know what it was; promising, if any way in his power, to remove the cause of my uneasiness. But I know not how it was: though I often resolved in his absence, to own the truth, and throw myself upon his goodness, it was so delicate a thing, that the moment I saw him, all my resolution failed me.

CHAP. V.

"I struggled in this state, till nature could support it no longer; and I fell into a violent fever, in which my life was despaired of. In this situation, my friend, who knew my secret, convinced me, that it would be the cruelest injustice to you, not to open my heart to my husband, and implore his protection for you; a protection, which his regard for me gave every reason in the world to think he would not refuse.

"This was an argument not to be resisted. The next time he came to my bed-side, which was within the next half hour, as he scarcely ever left me; I took his hand, and bathing it with my tears, as I pressed my burning lips to it, acquainted him with the unhappy secret, which had brought me, as he saw, to the brink of the grave; the moment I had done which, I fell into swoonings, from whence no one present thought I could ever recover.

"It is impossible to describe the tenderness and generosity with which he behaved to me, on the unexpected return of my senses some hours after. He expostulated with me in the gentlest, kindest manner, for my shyness to entrust him, with what could be no offence to him; and promised to write directly to his correspondent in London (as he had before rigorously promised my friend he would do, when he little thought of my living to be gratified by it) to have all possible

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ble enquiry made for you; and, in case you should happily be found, that you should be taken the same care of, as his own son.

“ This promise was such balm to my heart, that I not only soon got the better of my fever, but also recovered more spirits; and, if I may be allowed to say so, more beauty likewise, in consequence of my peace of mind, than I had had before my illness, which added still to his fondness for me, convincing him, as he said, that I must make a good mother to his child, in case any accident should happen to him, who could feel so tenderly for one, who though innocently, had been the cause of so much misery to me.

“ I had not enjoyed this happiness long, when it was overturned by a misfortune impossible to be remedied. Our son, whose beauty was not more our pride and joy, than the admiration of every one who saw him, was taken ill of the small pox, which falling on his eyes, deprived him of them both, in spite of all the care and skill of the physicians.

“ I was now utterly inconsolable, and that for a reason which I did not dare to own to my husband, had it been to have saved me from instant death.

“ I told you yesterday, that I first suspected you to be my son, on account of the cast in your eyes, which I said had once made an impression on my heart, very different from what I felt now. How shall I own it, to my dearest child! That very cast in your eyes had given me such disgust, when you were scarcely a month old, at my breast, as in a great measure cooled my affection for you.

“ The

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“ The thought of this instantly made me attribute my poor little Tommy’s misfortune to a judgment upon me, for my injustice to you. This drove me almost to madness; I looked upon myself as the guilty cause of the greatest evil that could possibly have happened to my innocent child; for death, I was sensible, would have been a mercy to it. I refused to take sustenance. I could not sleep. In a word, I should have certainly have made away with myself, had not my friend stepped between me and despair.

“ In the mean while, the behaviour of my husband was inexpressibly tender and kind. As he knew not the secret cause of my grief, he attributed it solely to our unhappy child’s misfortune, which endeared me still more to him. But this, instead of lessening, only added to my wretchedness, when I thought of the irreparable loss he also had suffered for my crime.

“ My friend, however, by soothing my affliction, found means at length to open my eyes to the danger of it. She shewed me the sin of presuming to trace the judgments of Heaven; as well as the folly of thinking that to be a particular judgment, which was a common consequence of the disease in which it had happened. She shewed me, that by hazarding thus my own life, I only aggravated the injustice which I accused myself of having done to you, by depriving you of your most natural, and best protection in this world. And lastly, she shewed me also the dreadful sin of persisting to indulge a grief, which must prove fatal to the innocent babe in my womb; and thereby aggravate my supposed injury to my husband, by the additional loss of that also.

“ These

“ These arguments, as it was impossible not to see the justice of them, restored me in some measure to my reason. I submitted humbly to the good pleasure of Heaven, and resolved to make amends to the dear sufferer, as far as possible, by my tenderness and care, for the loss of which I knew not how to persuade myself, at times, that he had not suffered on my account. But Heaven soon made him better amends, by taking him to itself, a few days after it had given us another to supply its place.

“ In the mean while, the anxiety of my soul, till I should receive some account of you (for my husband had faithfully performed his promise of writing) is not to be expressed. When I considered the variety of dangers to which the lives of those unfortunate infants, who are thrown upon the charity of the public, are exposed, my heart was ready to die in me for fear. But then, on the other hand, when I reflected on the wonderful manner in which I, a miserable sinner as I was, had experienced the goodness of Heaven, I flattered myself with an hope, that the same goodness would be extended to you also, to complete my happiness.

“ But these were only short-lived hopes. On the arrival of the *London* fleet, my husband received an account from his friend, that on applying to the officers of the parish, and inspecting their books himself, he found the child he had been directed to enquire for, had suffered the common fate of its fellows, and died within a few months after it was sent to the work-house.

“ Though I was truly afflicted at this account, I soon experienced the melancholy consolation of holy *David*. If I had lost all hope of recovering

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vering you, I was also freed from all fears for your future sufferings. I considered you as having finished your pilgrimage in an happy hour; and receiving the will of Heaven with resignation, found comfort in its many and great mercies for a loss that could not be retrieved.

“This was the last thing that affected the peace of my mind, immediately upon my own account; but I was not long without sufficient cause of unhappiness, for all that.

CHAP. VI.

“THE first misfortune I experienced, was the loss of my ever dear and respected friend, whose heart, though supported by conscious innocence, sunk under the weight of indignant resentment, at the unmerited infamy which had been heaped upon her, and she died in my arms.

“This loss though, however severe, was far from being the severest I suffered.

“In the beginning of the ninth year of my marriage, my husband had so violent a stroke of the palsy, as, in spite of all human assistance, deprived him utterly of the use of his limbs; though Heaven in its mercy spared his speech and reason.

“This melancholy visitation plunged me into all the cares of the world, which the same power who laid them upon me, enabled me to support. I managed all my husband's affairs, under

der his direction, extensive and complicated as they were. I visited his plantations, inspected the produce, and directed the cultivation. I bought, sold, paid, and received every thing; and all with such success, Heaven prospering every thing to which I put my hand, that at the end of the tenth year of my stewardship, his wealth was more than doubled; for I constantly settled all his accounts at the end of the year, so that the advance of his fortune was easily to be seen.

“ But though our affairs prospered in this manner, we were far from being so happy in other respects. Our children, with whom Heaven had most liberally blessed us, and whose beauty and good qualities gave us the most pleasing hopes, died of one disorder or another, as regularly as they had been born; not one living beyond the twelfth year, except your sister *Nancy*, who was the fifth of eight.

“ How severely I felt these dreadful strokes, I need not say. Had they come together, I certainly must have sunk under them; but falling thus separately, I had time to recover my reason after one loss, before another happened. Nor was this the only assistance I had. The very illness of my husband, which I had justly thought so heavy a misfortune at first, now afforded me the greatest relief, by diverting my attention to the affairs committed to my care; so powerful is Heaven to turn what we think the greatest evils, to our advantage, when we pay just resignation to its will.

“ But this very reason, which assisted me to support the loss of my children, made my poor husband sink under it; having nothing to occupy his thoughts, and prevent them from dwelling
upon

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upon the melancholy subject, he expired in my arms, in the twentieth year of our marriage, having by his will divided his fortune equally between his daughter and me; giving as his reason, that it was but justice to leave to my own disposal, what had been acquired by myself.

“ The tears of every one who had known him, bore the best testimony to his virtues. His friends lamented; but his poor slaves were inconsolable for a death which deprived them of a father, rather than a master.

“ As for me, the loss went so near to my heart, that I resolved to quit a place, where I no longer had any thing dear to me. I therefore called in all the money due to us, and disposed of all our distant plantations, which were in such excellent condition, and had been so remarkably successful for a number of years, that they brought a price exceeding my utmost expectations; reserving only those, which being in the centre of the province, were out of danger of those accidents to which the others were subject. The income of these I divided with my daughter also, during my own life, and settled the inheritance of them upon her; and in case of her dying without children, or having made any other disposal of them, then to go to my husband's family; not thinking it would be just in me, to apply to my own use, what had been acquired by the labour and industry of his ancestors, while there were any of their descendants to enjoy it.

“ The money I raised in this manner amounting to near an hundred thousand pounds sterling, I have placed in the funds, half of it in the
name

name of my daughter, and the other half in my own; for I have made her absolute mistress of herself and her fortune in every respect, not desiring to have the least influence over her, but that of reason and affection. As for our estates, the income, which is two thousand pounds sterling, is a common stock, to defray the expences of our living; while our money in the funds accumulates daily.

“I have thus, my dear child, given you a faithful account of myself to this hour; by which you will see how wonderfully Heaven leads us, as it were by the hand, to fulfil its own good pleasure. What fortune you may have received from Mr. *Juniper*, I know not; but I suppose the offer I made you of the half of mine, cannot be unacceptable. That you may have as soon as you please; and the other half, at my death, if you do not give me reason to have other sentiments for you, than I have at present. And this, I hope, you will think a recompence for the involuntary dislike I took to you, when an infant.”

His sister joining them just then, put a stop to the effusions of his gratitude, for such a solid proof of generous affection. The conversation then turned upon the best method of keeping up their intimacy. The 'squire proposed at first their living together; but this his mother absolutely refused. As it was improper for them to declare their connection, she said the world would naturally form conjectures injurious to her character, or that of her daughter, on their taking such a step; though, if that was not the case, she could never think of laying him under such a restraint, as the company of a woman of her years

years must necessarily be upon a young man of his. "Let us never meet, my dear, (said she) but from choice; and then our meetings will be always agreeable."

After a variety of schemes to countenance the intimacy they proposed, to all of which there lay the same objection of their being founded in untruth, a thought occurred to the 'squire, which, if not absolutely clear of it, evaded it at least, the best of any they could find.

This was, that Mrs. Cowley should permit herself to be called the sister of Mr. Jasper; a fiction that was in no danger of being detected; his family being utterly unknown; to which she was with great difficulty prevailed upon to agree, on our hero's assuring her, that according to the old civil and canon laws, such a relation had actually subsisted between them, in consequence of his adopting her son.

C H A P. VII.

MRS. *Cowskin's* benefaction, which she gave her son the next day, re-established his affairs in a more flourishing state than ever. Not that he held it necessary to discharge all his debts; as that would have consumed the whole of his cash, and left him only his income. Those, for which he was pressed, he paid off directly, together with the arrears of interest due to his mortgagees, letting the mortgages stand over to another opportunity; by which management he retained a considerable sum in hand, to pursue pleasure, in whatever shape she should tempt his passions.

The success, which had thus, though indirectly, attended his scheme, as it removed the immediate occasion, so it also put every thought of the other out of his head; and he pushed on in his old career with redoubled ardour, equally forgetful of the past, and regardless of the future; his mind being too much taken up with the present moment, to look either back or forward.

Various reasons forbid my entering into a minute detail of all the occurrences of such a life. It would break the plan of this most correct work, which is to give to posterity the history of one man, not of the age. Nor does the pleasure which malignity might find in the perusal, weigh with me equally with the pain, I know it must give to benevolence. I shall therefore, only

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ly give the general heads, and leave the chapters to be filled up by some of our workers in sentiment and sympathy, to whom it will afford ample scope for uniting pleasure with profit; that is to say, profit to the writer, and pleasure to the youthful reader, by a display of those tender scenes, those glowing strokes of nature, which so strongly affect the opening mind, and direct inexperience by example, to the gratification of the passions raised by the luscious description.

He bubbled, and was bubbled. He borrowed, without designing to pay. He lent, without expecting to be paid. He professed what he meant not. He suffered himself to be duped by professions he saw through. He talked of honour, in the moment he was committing the basest villany; and was ready to face death, in defence of a character, to which every action of his life gave the lie. In a word; he was a man of fashion.

Not that I mean to pass over all his exploits indiscriminately, during this period either. Such of them as throw any new light upon his character, or from their more particular relation to himself, concurred in ruling the events of his life, and leading to the great catastrophe, shall have their deserved place in this accurate history. Had other historians sifted their matter with like care, many an unwieldy *folio*, that now sleeps in cobwebs on the loaded shelf, would be bustling about in the world in a brace of *twelvos*; or perhaps honoured with a place in the pocket, in the still more active shape of a pamphlet.

Gratitude for the timely beneficence of his mother, and perhaps a prudential eye to further favours,

favours, made *Juniper* pay the most respectful attention to her and his sister. He immediately provided them a house in a more genteel neighbourhood; and introduced them to a genteel acquaintance of their own sex; with whom Mrs. *Cowskin's* fortune outweighed every objection from her story, which could not be long concealed, for the same reason, that the profusion of his expence gained him the most welcome reception, notwithstanding the profligacy of his character.

But their relish for this scene wore off with its novelty. They were too much out of their element to be at ease. Miss *Cowskin* felt her deficiency in the forms, her want of acquaintance with the topics of polite conversation, too delicately, to find pleasure in company where she could only serve as a cypher to make up the number; while her mother, though she despised those matters too much to give herself any concern about them, soon found that she was not a sufficient adept in the mysterious science of gaming, to defend herself from being pillaged by every nimble-fingered sharper of fashion, at the same time that she had neither patience, nor politeness enough to look pleased, or forbear speaking when she saw it. She therefore quitted the card-table; and soon after dropped a society, in which she found that the only sphere allotted to her.

And fortunate was it for her that she did so. For no sooner was it known, that she would play no more, than her wealth lost all its weight; and there appeared something so monstrous in such a creature's having the assurance to thrust herself into good company, that she would have been shut

shut out, had she not saved herself from the affront, and been beforehand with them, by staying away.

Such an affair could not be long a secret to one so universally conversant with the polite world as our hero, who felt his own good fame so deeply wounded through that of his *ant*, that he resolved to take the most signal revenge; nor was he long at a loss how, or on whom to wreak it.

CHAP. VIII.

ONE of the most malignant propagators of Mrs. Cowstie's story, was a lady of quality, who having patched up a worn-out reputation by a late marriage, endeavoured now to brow-beat scandal, by the severity with which she railed at vice; and pay herself in kind, for all the infamy she had suffered.

As the sacred laws of politeness forbade the matter's being mentioned directly in our hero's presence, he affected not to have heard any thing of it; and instead of making reprisals for the injury done to the honour of his family, by an attack upon her character, which he knew would be no more attended to than the *second part of an old song*, cultivated her acquaintance with particular assiduity; making it a point to cut in always at her table, and indulging her with every bet she desired, *however against the odds,*
till

till he brought her to consider him as absolutely her own property, so far as to grudge the least picking of the pigeon to any one else: a conduct, by which he not only disarmed her tongue against his aunt, but also made her change her note once more, from railing to respect, to ingratiate herself the better with him.

But this recantation was far from being all he had in view. No sooner had he fixed her in his mind, than meeting her one evening at a *route*, whither some accident had prevented her coming, till all the tables were *made*, he took occasion to propose a party of piquet, merely to amuse her, till there should be room made for her, or more company arrive.

As she valued herself particularly on her strength in this game, it may be supposed that she readily agreed to his proposal, when he played his cards so well to please her, that she greedily swallowed the bait; and on her being summoned to her own set, who had made room for her, told him in an half whisper, for she would not refuse going, for fear of having her match too much notice of, that if he would take a family dinner with her the next day, when she should be alone, she would give him his revenge in the evening.

The immediate event of this appointment scarce need be told. Fortune proved so favourable, or perhaps so obedient to him, though he exerted his command over her with such address, as would have deceived suspicion itself; that he not only won all her money, but also scored her up a debt, which he was certain she would never be able to pay.

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Her situation, when with an insulting profession of concern for her bad luck, he declined pushing his success any farther, may be better conceived than described.

"Good Heaven! Mr. *Juniper*, (said she, bursting into tears) how has this happened; and what must I do? I am utterly unable to pay you at present; and if such a thing should come to be known, I can never shew my face in company again."—

"How can it be known, my dear madam?— (he answered)—Or why should your ladyship give yourself concern about a trifle, which a more lucky hour may so easily recover? What do you say? I accepted your challenge yesterday; will you accept mine now, and meet me to-morrow evening, to try your fortune once more, at a place I will name; for, I see this is unfavourable to you."

The look which accompanied these words was too expressive to be misunderstood by a person of her experience. "Bless me, Mr. *Juniper*!— (she replied, blushing with surprise) What can you mean? It is not possible, surely, that you can be serious?—"

There are certain subjects, upon which the conversation, however interesting and agreeable to the parties, at the time, will not bear repetition. I shall therefore wave entering farther into this; and only say, that far from being rejected, it might probably have been embraced that very moment, had not the delicacy of his passion, or some other reason, made him be satisfied to let her fix the next evening but one; when with all the coyness, the amorous reluctance of youthful innocence, she consented, to meet

meet him at a bagnio, as the place where there could be the least suspicion of a lady of her rank's going.

This interval appeared an age to both nymph and swain, though from motives of a very different nature. If he was impatient for the accomplishment of his scheme, she was no less so, on another account. It was so long since such a tribute had been paid to her charms, that it had all the recommendation of novelty. Beside her delicate sense of honour could not be satisfied, till its debt should be paid.

Tricking herself out, therefore, in the loosest and most elegant undress, she went to pay a visit, where she could dispense with ceremony; and recollecting there, that she had business at her milliner's, repaired to the place of assignation in an hackney-chair; where her delicacy was rather hurt, not to find her lover so punctual as the ardour of his professions had given her reason to expect; though in her extreme modesty, she had herself somewhat over-stayed her time.

But she was not left to pant long in impatience. She had scarce unpinned her handkerchief, and adjusted her tucker, when, whom should she see enter the room, but her husband, with his sword drawn in his hand. Conscience guilt added double terrors to the rage that frowned in his looks. She gave an helpless shriek, and sunk back in her chair, already dead in apprehension.

But she was soon relieved from this immediate fear. Just as he was turning to shut the door, in rushed another female, the violence of whose rage entirely suspended his. This was a lady of his wife's most intimate acquaintance, who, to keep him from going astray, had, out of pure friendship

friendship to her, given him possession of her person, in return for that of his purse, to preserve which entirely to herself, she watched his motions with all the vigilance of jealous love.

CHAP. IX.

THE accidental circumstance of his lady's holding down her head for shame, preventing her dear friend from recognizing her, she gave a look to her rage, upbraided him in the plainest terms, with his base infidelity in wronging her passion, and endangering her health, by running thus after common prostitutes; for no other could she suspect, she said, of making an abode in such an infamous place.

As the first note of her voice discovered her to her friend, so did the burden of her song restore her wonted presence of mind, and give her her cue. As soon, therefore, as she had railed herself out of breath,—“I wonder, madam, (said her ladyship, rising from her chair, and throwing her eyes around, with all the dignity of virtue) “how you can presume to use the “word infidelity, without fear of its choking “you; and to what presence you both will have “recourse, to palliate the baseness of your conduct to me? I have long since been informed of this wicked intercourse; but would not “believe it, till I should have the testimony of “my own senses. That proof I now have, to

“ my unspeakable distress. But I will not submit tamely to such abuse. What redress I can obtain from the law against you, Sir, I do not know; but this much is in my power! I will proclaim my wrongs to the world; and make you, at least, madam, as infamous, as you have made me unhappy.”—Saying which, she moved majestically toward the door, to go away.

So unexpected a rencounter threw her friend into such a flurry, that she had not power to make her any reply. But the husband who had recovered from the surprize that had hitherto kept him mute, felt not himself under the same embarrassment.—“ Hold, madam!—(said he, stepping before her) Cleverly as you have turned the tables upon me, there is one point to be cleared up, before I shall let your ladyship give me the slip; which is, What business brought you to this place?”

“ My business—(she answered haughtily) was to catch you, and that vile woman, in consequence of information I had received, that you had made an appointment to meet here this evening.”

“ Eh! *recrimination*. too!—(he returned)—And so, I presume it was joy at your success, that made you cry on seeing me; but this fine scheme, much as you may think of it, will hardly serve your turn at least. This letter will prove that you came on a very different errand; and as I am pretty sure that your beauty was not the attraction that could procure you a gallant at this time of day, I will directly take such measures as shall spoil your sport for the future. You can make me wear

"horns, I allow; but you shall not make me
 "pay your fellows for putting them on."

All her presence of mind, all her fortitude failed her, on his mentioning a letter, to such a degree, that she was not able to make any reply to this, the highest affront possible to be given to woman. She imagined it to be one which she had written to her lover the day before, to change the place of assignation, from the bagnio he had named, to this, for reasons best known to herself; and concluding that all her secrets were betrayed, burst into a flood of tears, unable to speak a word, either in her own defence, or to mitigate his rage.

But fortune sent her an advocate she could not have expected. Her friend, who had by this time shaken off the little flurry with which this unexpected meeting had struck her instantly saw that if the affair was not directly smothered, the whole must come out; and her own reputation be ruined of course, as well as that of her friend.

Catching him therefore by the breast, "Hold a moment—(said she)—and do not by your own precipitancy do more mischief, than perhaps you mean; or may be able to repair. There is some mystery in this matter, which must be enquired into, before you proceed any farther. What letter is that in your hand?" Then taking it from him, "Eh! (said she, starting the moment she cast her eye upon it) "Is it possible!" Saying which, she pulled another letter out of her pocket, and comparing them, "And pray—(she continued)—how come you by this?"

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"It was given me at the coffee-house door
"this morning (he answered) by a porter, who
"who vanished before I could ask who had sent
"him."—

"I said there was a mystery in the matter!—
(said she, as soon as she had run her eye over
the letter). "and a mystery of malice and mis-
chief it is. Look at the writing of these two.
"Whoever sent the one to you, sent me this
"other, to inform me, that you were to meet a
"lady here at this time; in consequence of
"which I came. Now, as this evidently was
"done, only with a design to embroil, and ex-
"pose us all; I'd see the base incendiary hanged
"as high as *Ham*, before I'd gratify him.
"Whomever her ladyship may have come to
"meet, therefore, for her crying out on seeing
"you, as well as her present confusion, suffi-
"ciently refutes her story, as no real harm has
"happened, and I am persuaded she will take
"warning by this escape, and not fall into the
"like folly again, the best way is to say nothing
"at all of the matter; for, in fact, what can
"you get by making it known, but disgrace, in
"which others must also bear a part? There is
"nothing in her coming here, that the law can
"take hold of, to give you satisfaction of any
"kind."—

"And now, my dear madam!—(turning to
her ladyship, who stood silent all this while)—I
"hope you will acknowledge that I am your
"friend still; and restore me to that place in
"your esteem, which it has ever been my
"highest ambition to merit."—At which words,
"the two friends flew into each other's arms,
"and

“and proved the sincerity of their regard, by a
“tender embrace.”

The husband had stood all this time in a brown study, considering his case, with *Sir John Brute*; and would probably have determined it in the same manner, as well as from the same motives, without even desiring to know who was his happy rival in his lady's affections, whether from compliment to her, or care for himself, the reader is left to judge, when his meditations were disturbed by the entrance of two or three of his friends, whom he had prudently brought with him, to be witnesses of the expected discovery, as well as to protect him from any disagreeable consequences that might attend it; for either, or both of which purposes, it had been agreed, that they should wait in a coach at the door for a few minutes; when, if he did not return to them, they were to follow him.

CHAP. X.

THE surprize of the two ladies, at so untimely an intrusion, need not be told. Her ladyship's friend, however, was not to be disconcerted by such a trifle; after having settled a point of so much greater importance. She no sooner saw who they were, therefore, than rightly conjecturing the cause of their coming, "So, gentlemen!—(said she, with an easy smile, and unembarrassed countenance) you are come in good time to have a laugh at the fools; but I hope you will complete the proverb, and say nothing; as one would not wish to be laughed at by all the world, neither."

"Sir Thomas, and my lady here, have been finely humm'd (I think that's the elegant title given to such ingenious pieces of wit as this, which has been played off upon them) and sent here to catch each other. The same kind friend who sent him the information, sent her also a letter of the like import, in consequence of which, she called upon me (for secrets of so delicate a nature, you know, should be entrusted only to the dearest friends) and bringing me with her, we lay in wait till he should arrive. Here are both the letters; you see the hand is exactly the same."—Saying which, she gave them his letter, and opening her own, in which there was nothing that might not as well have been written to a wife,

as a mistress, held it carefully in her hand to conceal the address, while they compared the two together.

So clear a proof, especially as the husband assented, left not a shadow of doubt. They all joined in the laugh, at such a whimsical trick; and having drank a glass of wine, to finish the frolic in the character of the place, were marching off with flying colours, when the door of the next room opening just as they were passing it, discovered half a dozen of those *souls of fire*, who, *Drawn-sir-like*, holding themselves entitled to do what they please, merely *because they dare*, saluted the ladies by name, with, "*Hah!*" "*RECRIMINATION too, my lady!—Well turn-off, miss.*"—

Gross as such an insult was, the gentlemen no sooner saw who the offenders were, than their delicate care of the ladies reputation, made them choose to put up with it, rather than involve them in a riot in such a place. They hurried away, therefore, as if unconcerned in what had happened, amid a peal of laughter, that made the house ring.

Though doubtless, the sagacious reader has all along smelted our hero at the bottom of this mischief, I still hold it my duty, as an historian, to leave nothing to conjecture, in a work of this importance; a duty, which if duly observed by all my brother historians, would have saved many an heavy head from the trouble of writing, as well as many a tired one from reading those enormous heaps of notes and commentaries, which, like a dropsy, swell the body of the work to twice its natural bulk, with matter better out of it, than in, if indeed the open were not left

for that very purpose; to give the critics an opportunity to shew their learning, and earn a bit of bread, in pursuance of the old proverb, that *all trades must live.*

When our hero had made the assignation with her ladyship, nothing was farther from his thoughts than the violation of her marriage vow; his design being only to make her as infamous, as she had been at so much pains to make his mother; which would answer the double purpose of gratifying his resentment, and throwing a new *tub to the whale.*

To effect this, therefore, he had sent those letters to the husband, and his lady's friend, to whose connection he was no stranger (as indeed, no man of the age was more universally read in the scandalous chronicle than himself) that she too might come in for her share of the score, as she had borne her part in giving the offence; and then, as if he knew nothing of the matter, resolved to make her husband's going, a pretence for demanding her ladyship's debt; and in case it should not be immediately paid, publishing the affair, as a scheme laid for extorting money from him, to avoid a prosecution; as he had placed a set of his companions to be witnesses for him, should it be attempted to deny the charge.

Though the ladies were at first considerably lowered in their spirits, by the insult they had received from those rioters in the bagnio, as it convinced them their secret was known to more than they wished, and would consequently be soon spread over the whole town; they consoled themselves with the thought, that from the nature of the affair, the testimony of the husband and his friends, would sufficiently vindicate them

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in the sight of the polite world; where, even if any doubts of the truth should remain, they had companions enough to keep them in countenance; their apprehensions never reaching so far as the plot, founded upon this very circumstance.

But all these pleasing hopes were soon blasted. As her ladyship was sitting at breakfast the next morning, with her husband, in the height of conjugal harmony, she was surprized by a visit from her lover.

Though she was far from guessing his errand, there was something so ungenteel, so *outsy*, in being caught in such a *titte à titte*, as embarrassed her not a little. But her concern was soon diverted to a more serious object; when he asked her, with a determined look, for the money he had won of her.

The astonishment of the loving couple, at such an attack, is not to be described. The husband, too polite to pry into a lady's secrets, got up, and left the room, without saying a word; while she burst into a flood of tears.

But they, though the most formidable weapon of a woman, had no effect upon our hero. He only repeated his demand in a severer tone; and on her attempting to expostulate with him, upbraided her with the base design of betraying him to her husband, of which he had received notice, he said, just in time to save him from falling into the snare; a baseness that made her unworthy of the tenderness and complaisance due to her rank and sex.—With which words he left her, without deigning to wait for a reply.

ALL

All his scheme now took effect. He whispered the story that very evening at a rout, from whence it was spread over the town in a few hours, with some good-natured additions from every mouth it passed through. Nor had her husband's testimony the weight she had expected, when opposed by that of the company in the next room; and especially by her own letter to change the place of assignation; which her lover asserted, she had done, thinking the other unfit for her purpose, in consequence of his having told her, that the people who kept it were particularly attached to him.

This was a proof not to be controverted. The two unfortunate ladies were obliged to hide their diminished heads till the nine days of wonder were over, and some new object jostled them out of scandal's mouth.

Revenge is sweet to human nature. Mrs. Cowskin at first enjoyed the ruin of her maligner's reputation with keenness; but when, in a cooler moment, she came to reflect on the means by which it had been effected, for to enhance his merit, he told her the whole, her heart revolted at such a complication of perfidy, deceit, and falsehood; nor could hold it justifiable by any end.

This set her upon a closer scrutiny into his conduct; the result of which was far from being favourable to him. As the obliquity of his eyes had formerly lost him her affection, so did that of his soul now injure him greatly in her esteem.

Incapable, however, of such sentiments himself, he never suspected, much less endeavoured, to obviate their effect upon her. On the contrary,

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trary, he gave full scope to his genius, in every licentious, every expensive pursuit, till he brought himself again to the brink of ruin.

This situation, nevertheless, was not so embarrassing to him now, as it had been before. He thought himself secure of a resource from the same quarter, though he was not a little at a loss how to apply for it with a good grace; having not only slackened greatly in his attention to her for a considerable time, on account of some admonitory remarks, which she had occasionally taken the liberty to make on his conduct; but also retorted her advice, with such sarcastic allusions to her own story, such keenness of ridicule on the impoliteness of her manner, as often put her temper to the utmost stretch; and left a sting that rankled in her heart.



THE

THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
JUNIPER-JACK.

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

AS he was sitting with her one morning in serious chat, which he had designedly led to the subjects he knew she liked most, in order to raise himself in her favour, by agreeing with her in opinion—"Cousin Juniper! (said she, fixing her eyes stedfastly upon him) "I have something to tell you that you may not expect. "Both your sister and I are quite tired of this noisy place. We were neither of us born for a life of such vanity, dissipation, and indeed, wickedness of every kind. We have therefore, resolved to go back to our own country; I mean, to the country that gave her birth, and me a new life; where, if we cannot see so much splendor, we shall at least meet the respect our actions deserve, without prostituting both reason and virtue to obtain

“ obtain it, as a person is obliged to do here, to
 “ entitle one’s self to common civility : and for
 “ this purpose, I have settled my affairs, and
 “ made all the necessary preparations for going
 “ by the next opportunity.”

Juniper’s surprize, at this equally unexpected and unwelcome news, was so great, that it was some time before he had power to make her any reply. The disappointment of his present hopes, and the ruin with which that must be attended, instantly flashed upon him. Or if he could succeed so far with his mother, as to escape this, the further expectation he had founded on the disposal of his sister in marriage to a noble peer, with whom he was actually in treaty about it, at that very time, for the moderate consideration of half her fortune, must inevitably be overturned ; for though he had at first flattered himself with the thought of succeeding to the whole at her death, he was growing weary of waiting for a *dead person’s shoes* ; especially since her getting happily through the small-pox, had deprived him of his best hope.

Recollecting himself, however, at length,
 “ I must not pretend, my dearest madam !—
 (he answered, taking her hand, and kissing it fondly)—to dissimble either my astonishment,
 “ or concern, at so extraordinary a piece of
 “ news ; though I flatter myself that your reso-
 “ lution is not unalterably fixed. If you dislike
 “ the way of living in *London*, in defence of
 “ which I will readily allow, that there is not
 “ much beside prejudice to be pleaded, surely
 “ there are other towns that are not liable to the
 “ same objections ; where the difference in the
 “ manners of the people is as great as in the ex-

“ tent

“tent of the scene. Or you may retire totally
“into the country; where your fortune will en-
“title you to set the mode yourself, so that you
“will meet with nothing disagreeable to you.
“Any thing, any place must be preferable to
“going back to such a herd of savages.

“Beside, you should consider my sister. This
“is her natural sphere. Her beauty, merit,
“and fortune give her a right to look up to the
“first man in the kingdom. Think then what
“an injury, I may even say, injustice, it would
“be to her, to take her away from so happy a
“prospect. Forgive my warmth: I am interest-
“ed in what I say. I cannot bear the thought
“of losing you, especially in a manner so much
“to your own loss. Indeed, my dear mother,
“you must not think of leaving us. Never,
“never will we part again.”

The effect of a speech depends in a great measure, on our respect for the speaker; and here he had entirely forfeited. Far from being moved by his arguments, especially the last, it was to leave him, to be freed from the pain of being a witness to his profligacy, that first suggested to her the thought of going.

CHAP. II.

THE attentive reader must certainly remember, that her son had not only lost her affection, but even incurred her hatred, before he could do any thing to merit it. Such impressions are rarely, or never effaced. Though she had sincerely repented of her conduct to him, her concern arose from religious motives, not from a return of affection; and, if, in the first emotion of nature, on her finding him so unexpectedly, she had felt some tender sentiments, the immorality of his life soon checked their growth, and made them give place to her former disregard. Perhaps too, she was not sorry to find that disregard, however unjust at the time, now its appearance justified by his conduct. Perhaps her vanity (for notwithstanding all her improvements, Mrs. Cowskin was still a woman) was flattered to think her hatred had proceeded from something like prescience, rather than prejudice.

She answered him therefore coldly, that she had a just sense of the regard he expressed both for her and her daughter, though so it was, that she could not yield to his opinion. As for herself, she was really as much out of her element, as is a fish out of water. She knew not how to converse with people, who never spoke

as they thought themselves; and laughed at those who did.—That if those, to whom she was going, were not quite so polite; neither were they so bad as he might think. They were, as they had been made by God, whose work is seldom to be amended.—

“And then, for my daughter!—(she continued)—“even to suppose that she should marry
“in the style you mention, what can she expect
“but unhappiness and contempt, certain that
“the only motive to such marriages is fortune;
“on the acquisition of which, she would be no
“more thought of, except as an incumbrance
“and disgrace? Though, could she hope, how-
“ever improbably, to meet a man who might
“regard herself, the married state is in such
“disrepute here, from the universal abuse of it,
“that virtue itself is not safe from slander; nor
“the most prudent conduct able to guard
“against its effects. We will fly therefore from
“politeness to plain honesty, even though we
“are forced to seek it among savages.

“Though after all, pray what is this politeness upon which you set so high a value? Is
“it any thing more than hypocrisy and grimace?
“To force nature, and contradict truth in every
“word and action? To speak as you do not think,
“and act as you do not like? To cover hatred in
“smiles; and give poison with a compliment? To
“turn night into day; make a trade of cheating;
“follow idleness to fatigue, and pleasing till it
“becomes insipid, and ends in ruin.

“As for what you say, of my setting the
“mode in a more contracted sphere, it is all
“folly. Can I expect to do more in a village,
“than

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“than your sovereign can in his capital? Does
 “he not practise every virtue? Is not his family
 “a picture, a pattern of domestic harmony and
 “happiness; and yet who follows his example?
 “—No, no; I am not vain enough to feed such
 “a foolish hope. I will leave a place where
 “morality is turned into ridicule, and religion
 “made a cloak for dishonesty; though I should
 “be obliged henceforth to herd with savages, as
 “you are pleased to call them.”



CHAP.

C H A P. III.

THE determined manner in which she said this, convinced him that his saying more at that time, would only pique her pride, to persist with greater obstinacy in her purpose. The point, however, was of too great importance to be given up for one repulse; or indeed, at all, while there was any possibility of success. The question was, how to direct his attack in the manner most likely to succeed, in a more favourable moment; nor was he long at a loss what to fix upon.

He attributed his mother's aversion to politeness, to a consciousness of her own deficiency in it; a despair of ever being able to acquire it. It is a consolation under want, to think the thing wanted of no worth.

He also considered, that though from age, or prejudice of education, she might be proof to the fashionable pleasures, neither was the case so with her daughter. She had not only a taste to distinguish, but also the warmth of youth, to give her a relish for them. On her, therefore, he resolved to make his utmost effort, not doubting but if he could bring her over to his party, her mother would soon follow, as he knew the influence she had on her from parental affection; which, in such an affair as this, would also be aided by the consideration of her independence.

Accordingly, as soon as she joined them, he proposed a walk in the Park, in which he knew his

his mother would not bear them company, having lately hurt her foot, when he exerted all his powers to set the life from which she was going to be ravished, and that she was going to, in the contrast most likely to affect a youthful mind; to inflame the passions, and turn prudence into ridicule.

But all his words were spoken to the winds. She listened to him with complaisance; and then, without even attempting to reply to his arguments, told him with an air of confidence, that their removal was not more agreeable to her mother, than to herself; as it would afford her an opportunity of giving her hand, as she had long since given her heart, to the son of a worthy clergyman, in the neighbourhood of their principal estate, who had come to *England*, to pursue his studies at *Oxford*, and was now going back in the same ship with them; his father having made it a request, that he might have the happiness of performing the ceremony of a marriage so pleasing to his heart.

This was a piece of news not more unwelcome than surprizing to him, as he had never formed the slightest suspicion of any such thing, though he had frequently seen her and her lover together, so carefully had they guarded their very looks against him; and was too well acquainted with the female heart, to think of prevailing against the united force of prejudice in age, and passion in youth.

As something however must be done, to prevent the ruin that hung over him, instead of urging any farther arguments to change their resolution, he made a merit of sacrificing his own inclination to theirs; and in the most obliging manner

“be under the unhappy necessity of troubling
 “you for assistance, to repair the derangement,
 “which the want of such conduct has made in
 “my affairs.”

“So! (she replied, affecting not to understand what she had long expected)—“I am glad
 “to see you have recovered your spirits. I was
 “afraid we should have had no more of your
 “pleasantry, before we parted.”—

“Pleasantry, madam!—(he answered blushing)—“would badly become the situation I am
 “in; which is such, that if you do not inter-
 “pose in my favour, I shall be irretrievably
 “ruined, before I am many days older.”

“Good Heaven! (she exclaimed with warmth)
 “—young man, what do you mean? It is but a
 “few years since I gave you a sum of money,
 “sufficient to have made any man in his senses,
 “easy for his whole life: But, if you are mad,
 “I am not; nor yet fool enough to ruin myself,
 “merely to feed your vicious extravagancies.”

Before he could make her any reply, his sister entered, and seeing him in confusion, and her mother in a rage, enquired anxiously, what was the matter; when the latter informed her, adding with an oath, that she would not give him a shilling, let what would become of him.

Nothing but ruin staring him in the face, could have made him bear the haughty air with which this was said, even from the mother who bore him. Considering, however, that to show a resentment, which could hurt only himself, would be rashness, not resolution.—“I am unhappy, madam—(he returned) to have expressed myself in a manner that could be so
 “much misunderstood. When I applied for

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“ your assistance (and to whom else could I ap-
 “ ply with equal propriety, as to a mother, of
 “ whose generous kindness I had experienced
 “ such proof) I neither asked, nor expected
 “ that you should give me any thing. All I
 “ meant was, that you should lend me where-
 “ withal to pay my debts, upon the same secu-
 “ rity which my present creditors have; where-
 “ by I should be relieved from my distress, and
 “ you at the same time, a gainer of the differ-
 “ ence between the interest paid on mortgage,
 “ and from the public funds; if you would not,
 “ by a further instance of kindness, let that
 “ difference accumulate toward the discharge of
 “ the debt. This was what I meant to have
 “ proposed, had you permitted me to explain
 “ myself; and what I flatter myself neither you,
 “ nor my sister will think so very unreasonable,
 “ when considered coolly.”—

Of all methods of begging, this, under the
 colour of borrowing, is the most impudent, be-
 cause it accepts the benefit, without owning the
 obligation; though such is the absurdity of the
 human heart, that it is the most effectual also;
 prudence, or avarice, or whatever it is to be
 called, not taking the alarm, because of the pro-
 mise of re-payment; though of the perfor-
 mance of that promise, there is not the least
 shadow of probability. This our hero well
 knew; and therefore made his application in
 that form. But for once his address was foiled.

“ I do not pretend to much knowledge—(she
 replied, in somewhat a more placid strain)—
 “ but this I know, that in certain circumstances,
 “ lending and giving are much the same, if in-
 “ deed, the latter is not to be preferred, as then
 “ there

“there is an end of the matter at once; and
“whereas lending seldom brings any other re-
“turn than ingratitude and vexation. And for
“this reason, I am firmly resolved to follow the
“advice of my dear husband; and never lend
“to a friend or relation, as long as I live.”—

“But then, madam—(interposed her daughter, whom his conduct to her lover had effectually engaged in her interest)—“as my papa did not
“advise also against giving, and you think that
“the better way, I hope you will not refuse my
“brother your assistance at this time; or at
“least, if you should, that you will not forbid
“my doing what little is in my power, to extri-
“cate him from his difficulties.”—

In short, she supported his suit so powerfully, that his mother at length consented to give him five thousand pounds more, which, she said, was the last he must expect from her; refusing peremptorily to see the amount of his debts, on his alleging that this sum was insufficient, or concern herself any way in his affairs; not even so far as to second the invitation which her daughter gave him, to go and live with them in *America*, till his fortune should recover itself; so incurable a surfeit of his company, had the flings of his wit given her.

C H A P. V.

THIS weighty affair being brought to a conclusion, and the ferment raised by it pretty well subsided, Mrs. *Cowskin* told her son that she had a visit to pay, in which she should be glad of his company; and would call upon him next morning for that purpose.

That he readily promised to attend her, the reader may well suppose; but not how much he was surprized at her coming in such a garb as would have disguised her from him, had he met her accidentally in the street. The look he gave her made her laugh. “You stare at my dress—(said she)—“but I have a reason for it. You “may put on a furtout, as it rains a little; and “then we shall be fit to go together, for I mean “to walk.”—

Fond as he was of a frolic, he would have preferred it in other company. However, he equipped himself as she desired; and taking a stick in his hand, out they sallied, arm in arm, like a couple of snug citizens going to market.

She led him along in this manner, bursting with curiosity to know where their walk was to end, till she came into the polite parish of *St. Giles*; where looking round for some time, she at length stopped at the descent into a cellar, the greasy steam issuing from which, proved it to be one of those economical ordinaries, where a
keen

keen appetite makes sheep's-head, or shin of beef go down more savourily than venison or turtle, without that sauce.

Having considered the place for some minutes in great emotion, as if to be certain that she was right, she took her 'squire by the hand, as he stood stupified with astonishment, and without more ado, led him down into the cavern; where she no sooner seated herself, than she burst into a flood of tears:

Luckily this circumstance disarmed the wrath of the good landlady, who imagining from their appearance, which, much as they were disguised, was still far above that of her usual guests, as being whole and clean, that they were come only out of fun, to pry into the ways of poor people, was just going to wash their faces with a ladle-full of her soup, to satisfy their curiosity. Softening her look, therefore, she asked *mistress*, as civilly as she knew how, what she ailed; and whether she wanted any thing with her.

Mrs. *Cowskin*, who was by this time come to herself, and had not so far forgotten the ceremonies of the place, as to have been much surprized, had she received the intended salute, answered, that she was only taken a little sick as she passed by, and reaching her a shilling, desired a drop of her *gin* to settle her stomach; having just tasted which, and offered it to her attendant, desiring him in a whisper, to observe well the place where they were, she took leave of her greasy hostess, and ascended into the regions of day.

Though our hero's education upon the town had been too extensive for him not to have visited such a place before, where, in fact, he had

more than once wrangled for the basket-hilted knife with *Quin*, and eaten many a farthing sausage with *Foots*; there was something so unaccountable in his mother's taking him there, as utterly drowned his relish for the joke, in astonishment; and left him not power to speak a word as he 'squired her back to his own house.

As soon as they were seated, "Well, *cousin Juniper*—(said she, fixing her eyes earnestly upon him)—What do you think of the place we have been in?"—

"Why, really, madam—(he answered with as much composure as he cou'd command)—The place, I suppose, is like all other places of the kind. What I wonder at is, how it could come into your head to go there."

"And yet, *Jack*!—(she returned, with a sarcastic smile)—"in that very place did you first breathe the air of this world."

Then observing that he started, and turned pale with horror at what she said—"The steps—(she continued)—by which you have ascended from that dungeon, to this state of splendeur, are too wonderful, not to have been designed for some remarkable end. Take care then, that your own folly does not bring you back to your original wretchedness! that your fall is not as great, as has been your rise!"—

To such a lecture it was impossible not to pay attention, at least for the moment. He hung down his head abashed; nor could he look her in the face without pain and confusion, during the remainder of her stay.

C H A P. VI.

OUR hero's meeting with his mother and sister had been so unexpected, and the circumstances attending it, so much out of the common road of life, that at their departure, the whole seemed a dream; on his awaking from which his sensations were far from being agreeable. He looked upon himself somehow as left alone in the world; and felt an heaviness upon his heart, that often forced an involuntary sigh.

This, however, must not be thought an inconsistency, a descent from the heroism of his character; as if he had so far forgotten himself, as to give way to gratitude or natural affection. These were weaknesses to which the greatness of his mind was far superior. On the contrary, the disappointment of his last expectation cancelled every sense of former benefits; and the insult of upbraiding him with the place and circumstances of his birth, turned the indifference he had felt for his mother before, into the most rancorous hatred.

His concern arose from regard to himself; the principle which universally rules the sentiments of the great. He had looked upon the fortunes of his mother and sister, as a sure resource against a cloudy day; in consequence of which he had despised the frowns of approaching ruin. The loss, therefore, of that foundation of his hope, shook his fortitude; and made

him shrink into himself. For, as to all his other connections, they were formed upon too fashionable principles to out-live the gratification of the passion which gave them birth; or admit a thought of further advantage, when that end should be served.

As something, however, must be done, before a discovery of his situation should make it impossible for him to do any thing, he settled with some in a manner that might have paid at once all the debts of a person of less dexterity and resolution; and then with the money he had got from his mother, paid such other of his *legal* debts as could not be put off; while with his debts of *honour*, he for the present took the same liberty which he had long taken with his honour itself, and put them to the backside of his book; and making such a disposition for the payment of the others, as silenced at least, if it did not satisfy, his creditors, he resolved without delay to try his fortune in the second scheme he had formed for the re-establishment of his affairs on the death of his father *Jaquier*; which, as the attentive reader will recollect, was turning his hand to politics; and applying himself to minding the affairs of the public, now that he had none of his own to mind.

For this purpose, as he knew the ladder of ambition must be fixed in the dirt, to prevent its slipping, he immediately made it his business to mix with the people, in that style of familiarity which never fails to conciliate their favour, by freeing them for the time from the irksome distinctions and distances of rank: And as he knew also, that the human heart is most sensible of impression, when warmed by the social cup,

cup, he lifted himself a member of all the c'ubs, formed for the patriotic purposes of promoting the interest of their country, by the consumption of its own produce, and those of its colonies, beer, punch, and tobacco; and watching over the constitution, by abusing the ministers and measures of government, in the true spirit of *English* liberty; a spirit, by the judicious direction of which he had seen men climb up to consequence, without any other qualification or merit whatsoever.

There cannot be conceived an instance in which the inconsistency of the human heart appears more glaring, than that a man, whose life was one continued insult to honour, honesty, and truth; who gloried in the grossest violations of every moral virtue, and founded his pretensions to wit, on turning religion into ridicule, should gain such credit with the people, as to become of consequence in the state. Yet so it was; so easily is man persuaded of the truth of what he wishes to be true, that the very persons who would not trust to his probity for the payment of a penny; who, if he said the sun shone at noon, would not believe without seeing it, merely because he said so, not only gave implicit credit to his calumnies (though unsupported by the appearance of probability, though inconsistent with each other, and often, contrary to their own knowledge;) but gave their money also with a liberality not often shown in a better cause, to support him in the propagation of them; because they tended to bring down to their own level those, whom they could never hope to rise to a level with.

It must be acknowledged though, in justice to the times in which we live, that this inconsistency is not peculiar to them. It is in nature. It has its root in that malignant envy which drives out every other affection of the soul, where it once gains a footing.

CHAP. VII.

NOR did his credit appear to be confined to those who knew no better. Many, whose superior actions raised them above the reach of such gross imposition, were not ashamed to caress a man, whom they equally despised and detested; and to give the sanction of their acceptance to slanders which they knew to be groundless, because they knew also, that when those slanders should have worked their effect, they could turn that effect to their own use, and appear justified in leaving the author of them to sink by his own weight, into his original obscurity.

The flame thus raised, swept all before it like a whirlwind. The necessary restrictions of law were held to be usurpations of tyranny; and its forms wrested from their true intent, to serve a cause that evidently led to anarchy. Private virtue, even in the highest stations, was treated with contempt, as inconsistent with public abilities; and that respect, which is the indispensable support of all government, trampled under foot; while the incendiary who held the torch, gloried in the effects of that flame, as the proofs of his power.

This

This was a sphere, in which he seemed designed by nature to cut a capital figure. None of his new associates having equal means of information, his abuse of men consequently was more pointed than theirs could be; as his censure of measures was always directed against those which he knew they could not comprehend; and therefore he could represent in what colours he pleased.

But though his advances to popularity exceeded his most sanguine expectations, he found rubs in his way which staggered his resolution. The most effectual method of gaining the favour of the populace, is to supply their wants. Sensible of this, he had never let the spirit of an honest fellow be cooled by the want of a shirt, or a shilling to pay his club. But these calls, though trifling when considered singly, soon doubled so fast upon him, as to demand his most serious consideration. A pot of beer, 'twas true, cost not much; but a hoghead at a time told high, where the expence fell all upon one; and without that expence nothing was to be done. In short, sanguine as was his temper, he could not avoid seeing that the advantage he proposed by his present scheme was much less certain than the ruin, which, instead of averting, it was hastening upon him.

Nor was this the only obstacle he had to struggle with. With all his qualifications for greatness, he unfortunately wanted one, without which, it is impossible to be great. Little as the reader may suspect such a thing, he had a virtue too much: He was not hypocrite enough to be a politician; nor could ever make an harangue upon public virtue, or an invective against private

vate vice, without a grin on his face, at the folly of those who could listen to words, to which every action of his life gave the lie.

But this very propensity to turn every thing to ridicule, at the same time that it counteracted his scheme in one sense, by disobliging his friends, promoted it in another. His foes, that is to say, those to whom he professed himself a foe, had so often smarted under its lash, that they resolved to throw a sop to *Cerberus*, to stop his barking.

Though this fell far short in every sense, of what his ambition had aimed at on his first setting out, he prudently considered that the thing was in effect the same. It was only doing it in a less fashionable way; and done it must be in one way or another, or he might possibly verify his mother's prediction, and go out of the world in as low a state as he had come into it.

The sequel scarcely need be told. He would at first have denied the fact, and afterwards affected to laugh reproach out of countenance; but all was in vain. He met nothing but contempt and insult, not always free from danger, wherever he shewed his face; till unable to stand the brunt any longer, he retired into a remote part of the country, where he was not known, in hope of being suffered to chew his crust in quiet, till the means by which he had earned it should be forgotten; leaving the ruins of his fortune to be scrambled for by his creditors, whom he found it impossible to parry any longer.

C H A P. VIII.

THE situation of our hero on his arrival at the place of his retreat, in an obscure corner of *Wales*, is not easy to be conceived. Though scarcely turned the meridian of life, so active had been his industry in filling every moment of his time, that were his age to be computed by his exploits, few men had lived so long. To sink at once, therefore, from such a state, to that of mere vegetation! to have nothing to do, but to eat, drink, and sleep; nor any thing in prospect, but a repetition of the same dull round, was enough to sicken a more stoical heart than his.

In all his former difficulties he had a certain point in view to attract his attention; an hope to actuate his thoughts, and keep them from recoiling back upon his heart. But that hope was now lost. The shadow had begun to lengthen in the vale. He could not look back without repining; not at his follies; for severely as he felt their effects, so inexplicably were they blended with his every idea of happiness, that all his regret arose from his not being able to continue them.—He could not throw his eye forward without horror.

What such a state of mind led to, he was well aware. But he was of the opinion, * *that being, however unhappy, is better than not to be*; and, as he could not flatter himself with hope of mending

* *Belial's in Milton.*

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mending his condition in another life, even should there be such, of which, by the bye, his philosophy entertained a comfortable doubt; he thought it the wisest way to stay as long as he could in this.

Sensible, however, that apprehension always magnifies the evil, he resolved to reconcile himself to a state which he had it not in his power to change. As soon, therefore, as he had established his œconomy, he endeavoured to mix with the upper class of his neighbours, and try the effects of a society, which would have the recommendation of novelty, at least; the distance of a couple of hundred miles making as great a difference in the manners of the people, as if they were of a different country.

As he was a perfect connoisseur in all the sports of the field, he thought that cou'd not fail to gain him respect with those sons of *Nimrod*, who seemed born only to hunt; and to be determined to extirpate every savage animal, except of their own species, out of their country, as their ancestors had been obliged to do by the wolves.

But some errors in his setting out defeated his design. He had unluckily forbidden leeks to be put in his soup; said he preferred *Parmesan* to goat's milk cheese; and even expressed a doubt of *Parmenaur's* being mount *Ararat*, upon which *Noah's* ark had rested, after the flood; and consequently of the world's being peopled from *Wales*; though doctor *Phuellyn*, a member of the *Royal* and *Antiquarian* societies, had shewn that it answered all the descriptions given of that mountain, having trees on its sides, and a river at its foot; offences too lenient to be brooked by the spirit of an ancient *Briton*.

He

He was obliged, therefore, either to sit alone, which the intrusion of thought made insupportable; or to muddle himself with a pipe of tobacco and a mug of fat ale, in the worshipful society of the lawyer, the apothecary, and the exciseman, the standing set of every country town.

Fortune, however, had not designed to drop him in such a dirty hole at last, after all the pains she had taken with him. As he was sitting one evening in the kitchen of the public house, waiting the arrival of his companions, a stranger richly dressed; and attended by two servants in gaudy liveries, alighted at the door; and walking into the kitchen to settle matters with the cook, ordered some cow-heel and onions *en ragoût*, a *fricassee* of tripe, and a piece of roast beef for his supper, saying; people must not be nice, nor require many things upon a road.

A guest of such an appearance, in such a place, naturally raised curiosity, especially in our hero, whom for the future we must call Captain Jones, the name and title he had assumed on his coming into that country, having no more ambition than his brother captain Bobadil, to be so popular as the knowledge of his own name must make him; who, from a bit of red ribbon, drawn between two of his button-holes; and his language, a jargon made up of bad *French*, and worse *English*, the latter pronounced with an emphatical *brogue*, instantly knew what he was. But what could have brought him there, where a bird of his feather had never before been known to drop in his passage, was the question.

He had not puzzled long upon the point though, when the stranger entered the kitchen again;

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again; and advancing to him with a most profound bow,—“ Understanding, Sir, (said he)—
 “ from the host, that you are a man of honour,
 “ I make bould to pray the favour of your company to supper. Where I am alone, I always
 “ love the best society; it being natural, you
 “ know, for gallant men to like to be together.”

Such an invitation was too singular to be refused by the captain; who beside the gratification of his curiosity, had not yet lost his passion for that kind of entertainment, which such a character seemed to promise. He accepted it, therefore, in the highest strain of *French politesse*; and so perfectly regulated his conduct by the same principle, during the whole evening, as entirely won the stranger's heart.

It was a maxim with *Jones*, drawn from his knowledge of the human heart, never to shew curiosity concerning any thing he was particularly desirous of knowing; as it only puts people on their guard. Instead, therefore, of asking any questions, he took occasion to declare his disapprobation of that blind policy, which drove the bravest part of the subjects of the state into the service of its enemies, for differences in opinion, which concerned only the parties themselves; and at the same time made the *chevalier* a most cordial offer of every service in his power.

The bait instantly took. “ My dear friend! —(returned the chevalier, whose heart was now completely opened by a flowing bowl of punch)—
 “ I *except* your kind offer, with many thanks.
 “ It is the very thing I want; and I verily believe it was my good *genius* that directed me
 “ to crave the honour of your acquaintance.
 “ The affair I have occasion for your service in,

“ is one of those, in which it is the duty of
 “ every man of honour to serve another; but
 “ before I enter into the merits of the cause, it
 “ is fit you should know who it is that *axes* for
 “ your friendship.”

CHAP. IX.

“ I Need not tell you my country. We always
 “ carry that written upon our tongues. My
 “ name is *O’Rooke*.”—

“ What!—(interrupted *Jones*, in the inadvertent impulse of surprize, at hearing the name of his mother)—“ *O’Rooke*, did you say?”—

“ Yes, my dear honey!—(answered the chevalier)—that I did; and I am not ashamed to say so. Perhaps you may have heard of that name.—It is not unknown in some of the first courts of *Europe*; no more than it was formerly in our own country, where the *English* invaders found to their cost, who we were.

“ The world having frowned upon us, I went into the army when I was very young, that being the only profession, you know, that is not beneath a gentleman; but I had not been long there, before I found so many discouragements in the way of merit, no man having a chance, for preferment in the *English* service, without paying for it, that I resolved to quit; for which purpose, as I could not get my discharge by fair means,

means, I was determined to do something that might make them dismiss me.

"Having carried this scheme into execution, though the manner was not quite to my liking, I came to *London*, where, quitting the service of *Mars*, I enlisted under the banner of *Venus*, and laid myself out to gain the favour of the fair sex; in which I succeeded so well, that I was upon the point of marrying a great fortune, when a cowardly fellow, to whom I sent a challenge, as you know every man of honour ought to do, for having the assurance to court the same lady I did, took the law of me; by which means I lost my mistress, and was forced to go over to *France*, where the king gave me a commission in the *brigade*, as soon as he heard my name.

"But my bad fortune followed me there too. Some low-lived scoundrels, envying my being preferred before themselves, represented the manner of my quitting the *English* service, so much to my disadvantage, that the whole corps, apprehending I should be raised over all their heads in time, made a pretence of it to refuse ranking with me, though I told them what I had done, was only on purpose to get my discharge; as they gave the same reason also to hide their fear, when I offered to fight them all, one after another; whereupon, *France* having no war at that time, I did not think it worth my while to remain in the service, but went directly to *Russia*, where, *Venus* once more standing my friend, I had the luck to distinguish myself so well in the empress's service, that I was made a colonel; and was in a fair way to be a general soon, when a young *Suabian* supplanted me in my mistress's favour,

favour, and was promoted over my head; at which I was so highly affronted, that a war having broke out just then, between *France* and this country, I desired my *congé*, holding myself bound in honour to return to the service where I had my first preferment, now there was occasion for me.

“Such an attachment did not pass unnoticed by the king of *France*, who gave me the same rank I had had in *Russia*, and a liberal pension of three thousand livres a year to support it; though the envy of my countrymen still pursued me so far, that I was not given an opportunity of signalizing myself in the field, or I should have been a marshal of *France* before now.

“Rather than be idle, therefore, I applied myself once more to the ladies; but their service in that country is but a poor resource. The young are so pinched in their allowance, that they expect to be paid for their favours, in the way of presents; and the old are so restrained in their generosity, by the law, that even what they give is taken away; as I found to my loss, being obliged to refund to a man of quality, too high for me to contend with, all I had dearly earned in several years, from an old aunt of his, with whom I had lived in the character of *master of her affairs*.

“This was an hard stroke; you will say, when I was almost worn out in the service. However, as nothing is to be got by grief, I resolved to try the fortune of one campaign more in this country; and with that intent took the field at *Bath*, as the most advantageous ground for such operations; where I renewed my acquaintance with a widow lady about my own age.

age, whom I had seen abroad; and whose husband had left her fortune enough to induce me to supply his place, which I accordingly offered to do, after I had made my advances regularly in the siege for the whole season, at a great expence of ammunition; when, to my utter surprize, instead of capitulating, as I expected, she only laughed in my face, and said, she never intended to change her condition, as she would have told me the first day, if she had suspected my design; though what else could she think I designed by following such an old harri-dan; on my saying which, and expostulating with her on the dishonesty of jilting me, for it could be called nothing better, out of so much money as I had spent in following her, she fairly ordered her servants to shew me the door.

“But I shall not submit to such indignity without seeking satisfaction; though as a woman, she may think herself safe from my resentment: And this is my errand into this country, whither she came the next day, to a fine old castle she has within a league of this town, to avoid the talk, that she rightly judged would be made of what had happened, as I told her behaviour publicly in the rooms; as it is also the affair in which I shall be obliged to you for your friendship and assistance.”

C H A P. X.

THE conclusion of this curious history crowned the pleasure it had given our hero, by the opportunity it promised for playing off some of his old tricks upon his new friend; to whose opinion of the obligation of honour in such cases, he did not pay such implicit regard; any more than he thought himself obliged to shew him favour on account of the kindred which he suspected to be between them. Not to preclude himself, however, from taking whatever part he might think proper, as soon as the chevalier had ended, he repeated the offer of his assistance, which was all he could do, till his friend should do him the honour to let him know the plan upon which he meant to proceed.

"That is very true, my dear soul! (replied the chevalier)—I forgot that! The plan I have formed, is the same by which *Paris* got *Helen* of old; and a relation of my own got the princess *Sobieski* for the late prince *Stuart*, whom it seems I must not call king in this country; I mean by running away with her, which I can easily do, as I have a friend in the garrison, her *fille de chambre*, who was an old acquaintance of mine in *France*, and gives me intelligence of all her motions."

"And in what manner do you wish me to assist you?"—(said his friend)

"Only by informing me the shortest way to the next sea-port town, where I may get a
"passage

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“ passage to *France* (answered the chevalier)—as
 “ it would betray me if I should enquire myself;
 “ for which reason I shall give out my route the
 “ contrary way. Not that I fear pursuit on my
 “ own account, the two men you see with me
 “ being as brave fellows as any in the brigade;
 “ aye, and as good gentlemen too, though they
 “ have condescended to wear a livery; but that
 “ is no more than we s'll do, to serve one ano-
 “ ther on occasion.”

“ And the lady's name is ——— ?” (returned
 Jones.)—

“ *Williams*, at your service” (answered the
 chevalier.)—

“ But to suppose that you succeed in carry-
 “ ing her off! (continued Jones)—How are you
 “ sure of getting her consent to marry you? —
 “ and without that you cannot get at her for-
 “ tune.”

“ How will I get her consent? — (said the
 chevalier)—“ The easiest way in the world:
 “ By force, to be sure. When a man has a
 “ woman in his power, what should hinder him
 “ from making her consent to do whatever he
 “ pleases?”

“ But do you hold it consistent with your ho-
 “ nour (said Jones) to use force to a lady?”—

“ Why not, my dear? (answered the cheva-
 “ lier)—What is it that makes a thing honoura-
 “ ble, but its being practised by men of ho-
 “ nour? Now, beside the examples I gave be-
 “ fore, did not the *Romans* lay the foundation of
 “ their empire on the rape of the *Sabine* ladies?
 “ And is it not, this very day, the custom in my
 “ country, where no man makes any scruple of
 “ running away with a woman, if he cannot get
 “ her

“her otherwise. No! no! Far from not-being
 “consistent with honour, it is the most honoura-
 “ble way a man can get a wife; and was prac-
 “tised as such by all the heroes of old times,
 “from whom we have taken it.”—

It was impossible to avoid assenting to argu-
 ments supported by such illustrious examples.
Jones was convinced; and filling a bumper,
 “Here’s to your success, my dear friend, (said
 “he) which I will do all in my power to pro-
 “mote. Your name, I think you said, is
 “*Rooke?*”

“O’*Rooke*, if you please, my dear!—(an-
 swered the chevalier.) “The O’ with us, is a
 “title of antiquity, which we hold more ho-
 “nourable than any of your modern ones of
 “*Duke or Lord.*”

“My reason for asking (said *Jones*) is, that
 “I once had the honour of knowing a lady of
 “fortune of that name, who, as I imagine, from
 “some circumstances I have heard her tell of
 “her family, must be a relation of yours.”—

“Nothing more likely, my dear!—(answer-
 ed the chevalier)—“Our family is numerous.
 “I had three *sisters* myself; one of whom, poor
 “*Nanny*, came to *London* to seek her fortune; and
 “as I was told, went to *America*, where possibly
 “she may have found it, though I never heard
 “any thing of her since.”

CHAP. XI.

IT is impossible to describe what our hero felt, when he came to reflect upon this strange encounter with his uncle; for such he could not doubt the chevalier to be. To that weakness of vulgar minds, called *natural affection*, he was constitutionally superior; or, if he might have felt any touches of it, the unpardonable injury his mother had done him, by refusing his last request, had made him regard all related to her, *one only excepted*, with the bitterest hatred.

Not to let that hatred, however, interfere with his interest, the ruling principle of all great men, he resolved to see the lady the next morning, to form a judgment, whether it might be more to his advantage to assist, or defeat his uncle's design.

Having breakfasted therefore, with the chevalier, according to appointment, and repeated all his professions of friendship with the most solemn assurances, he took a ride alone toward the lady's castle, having reconnoitered all the avenues to which, he chose a proper place, where no one could see him, to roll himself in the mire, as if he had had a fall from his horse; and leaving him at large, limped up to her door, where he told the accident that had happened to him, requesting that a servant might be sent to catch his

his horse, and take him to the town for a chaise, as he was not able to ride.

Such a mischance happening to a person of his appearance, for he had taken care to dress himself in such a manner as should bespeak respect, naturally brought the lady to receive him. But what an interview!

After staring at each other for a few moments—"Can I believe my eyes!"—(said she)—"Is it possible!"—(said he)—At which words, ejaculated in the same instant by them both, he ran to embrace her; while she fainted, or seemed, to faint away in his arms.

The help usual on such occasions, having brought her to herself; and a moment's reflection restored his presence of mind, she made a motion with her hand to her attendants to withdraw; and then fixing her eyes upon him, with a look, that in the instant gave him his cue, "Good Heaven, Jack! (said she) what can have brought you here, to recall to my remembrance scenes too horridly pleasing?—And why the name of *Jones*, by which you were announced?"—

"What could have brought me? (he answered, embracing her passionately)—"but to see my dearest *Hermione*; and remove an error that has so long interrupted the happiness of our lives."—

The name of *Hermione* has undoubtedly recalled to the reader's memory who the lady was. Such scenes as this always suffer by description. After a tender half hour spent on her side in gentle upbraidings of his unkind silence, and neglect of her sufferings under the accumulated distress in which he left her at *York*, as related

at large in a foregoing page of this accurate and important history; and in his exculpating himself with the most solemn oaths, and charging the whole upon *Betty*; who, he said, must have omitted to write, in order to sink the money he had given her to remit; not having spirit to write himself, from the horror with which he was struck; by the supposed criminality of their connection; he entrusted her with the mystery of his birth, only taking care to conceal all those circumstances which might lower him in her eyes; saying, he was the fruit of an indiscreet marriage between two young persons of better families than fortunes; who being obliged to conceal their connection, and for that reason unable to pay the necessary attention to him, while at his nurse's, she had, from mercenary motives, exchanged him for the son of Mr. *Juniper*, who had been killed by accident; in which particular circumstance, and the manner of his being discovered by his mother, he condescended to tell the truth, not having a fiction ready that suited his purpose so well.—And, as a proof of the truth of what he said, proposed re-continuing their former intercourse.

Not easy as it was to persuade her of what she so much wished, she rejected that proposal in the most heroic manner. “No, *Jack*!” (said she) “that shall never be. My sentiments are as much changed as my situation, since I saw you. Never will I again quit those paths of virtue, to which Heaven took such signal pains to lead me back.”—

James, who was never so keen in any pursuit, as to make him overshoot his way, directly saw this was not the time to press that matter; and therefore

therefore acquiescing silently, with a deep sigh, turned the conversation to the topic which he judged most agreeable to her; delicately hinting a desire to know her history since their parting.

He judged right. She readily assented to his desire; and forgetting the hurt he had received by his fall, as much as he did himself, now that he had no further occasion for it, she led him to an arbour in the bottom of her garden, which commanding the view of all around, made her safe from being overheard; and there satisfied his curiosity as follows.

C H A P. XII.

I Will not put you to the pain of hearing, nor myself of relating, what I suffered after you left Fort, particularly at your neglect; as the settlement of your other affairs shewed me that it proceeded not from necessity. The effect it had upon me was such, that I lost my spirits and health; and had actually received warning from the manager, when Heaven sent to my relief, a gentleman, whom I had formerly known; and who remembered, through my present wretchedness, what I had been in better days.

“His mind was in that state which disposes to a fellow-feeling for others. A life of fashionable dissipation had shattered both his health and fortune to such a degree, that he waited in a state of hopeless insensibility for the ruin that hung over him, without taking any pains to avert it.

“I soon saw that the sickness of his body proceeded chiefly from his mind; and having by an attention unfeignedly tender to all his ailments, acquired his confidence, prevailed upon him in an happy moment to avoid the stroke, it was then too late for him to attempt averting, by leaving *England*.

“The event exceeded my most sanguine hopes. The harpist, when disappointed thus of their prey,

prey, came into such terms, that he was able to pay all his just debts, and save a genteel competence for himself, out of a fortune which would not have answered half their demands, had they had him in their power to tear it to pieces.

“Such an essential service made so deep an impression on his grateful heart, that he thought he could not do less than make me mistress of the fortune I had been the means of saving, by marriage; an act of generosity, which my gratitude made it the care of my life to prevent his having any cause to repent.

“As he knew though, that such a step is always censured by the unfeeling world, without regard to the motives which lead to it, he resolved to stay abroad till the wonder should wear off. We visited therefore, most of the courts of *Europe*, and were preparing to trace the finer arts to their source among the ruins of ancient *Greece*, when a violent fever, with which he was seized at *Naples*, put a stop to our travels; for though he out-lived the immediate shock, his constitution, too delicate before, was totally broken by it.

“I would have persuaded him to try for relief from the softer air of the *South*; but that insupportable languishing for home, which makes the *Islander* and *Hottentot* prefer train-oil and garbage, among eternal snows and burning sands, to all the delicacies and temperature of *Europe*, determined him to return, where he lingered in death, rather than lived, for five years; when he died, and left me that fortune, which, as he kindly expressed it in his will, I had not only saved for him, but also saved his life to enjoy so long.

"In the tour we had made, we visited not only every court, but also every place made curious by the remains of ancient magnificence in all the southern parts of *Europe*, of which I took memorandums, merely at the request, and for the amusement of my husband; which his partial fondness would have had me publish, persuaded that the world would find as much merit in them, as he did.

"But though sweet the incense offered to the mind, I suffered not myself to be intoxicated by it. Interesting as are the incidents which happen to ourselves, and curious the remarks we make, in our own eyes, I knew that few, even among men whose education has respect to these matters, are qualified to strike out any thing new, on subjects so often canvassed. In our sex, the attempt only exposes us to deserved ridicule, confirming, by so flagrant a proof, the charge of vanity; which after all, is perhaps, too indiscriminately said to rule the female heart: though, had it been otherwise, I would have declined any honour that could have set me in a superior light to him.

"And now, Jack, the fortune which Heaven has thus unexpectedly given, you are welcome to share with me, as a brother; a relation, which no one will doubt here, as you have happened to assume my real name. Any other connection I here abjure for ever; the very recollection of what I suffered, however groundlessly, as it seems, from the thought of it before, striking my soul with horror. You have cut too conspicuous a figure in life to have any thing relating to you a secret. I know your fortune is ruined. Misfortune, though not great, is sufficient

to let the fear of want at defiance, if managed prudently; and that shall be my care."

It may naturally be thought that such an offer was not unacceptable to our hero, who had too good an opinion of himself still, to fear miscarrying in the generous design he had formed of easing her of that care.—"I accept, with pleasure, your proposal of living with you (he answered therefore)—"for with whom else can I ever hope to live happily; that is, if you are let to remain here, with power to entertain me."—

"Why! who can pretend to hinder me?—(she answered in surprize)—"or dispute my power to act as I please?"—

"What should you say to a visit from your *Hibernian* suitor at *Bath*?"—(he replied with a significant smile.)—

"How!—(said she)—Do you know that hero?"—

"Yes (he returned)—and know also that he came to our town last night on purpose to run away with you, in the *Milesian* style of courtship; for which he has made all necessary preparations, as he told me himself in confidence."—Having thus raised her anxious curiosity to the proper pitch, he opened to her the chevalier's plan, dressed out in the colours most likely to affect her; and concluded with saying, that his reason for coming into that country, was to be near her, on his accidentally having discovered the place of her residence; though he had not made himself known to her before, for fear of her attributing his attachment to interested motives, on his present reverse of fortune; and was actually considering how to introduce himself

to her, when this affair shewed him he had no time to lose.

“But hark you, my old friend!—(she replied with a smile)—“This story, to be sure, tells well, provided you can reconcile it with your having come in consequence of a fall from your horse.—And *a propos*, how is your back?—“I beg pardon for not having let the *Opodel-deck* be applied.”—

“O very well!—(he answered laughing)—“it is very well. The sight of you cured me in the instant. The truth is, I made use of that pretence, to try if you would remember me.”

“O *Jack! Jack!*—(she returned, shaking her head)—“Will you never leave off your tricks?—And so, I suppose, the story of the *chevalier* was invented also, to divert yourself by alarming my fears.”—

“That is too much!—(said he, with a grave look)—“because I jest sometimes, to think that I can never be serious. But send for your *fille de chambre*, and you shall soon know whether the story is an invention of mine or not.”

This was a proof too easy, as well as too decisive to be neglected. *Mammyfelle* was accordingly summoned, who finding that some part of her guilt was discovered, resolv'd to earn forgiveness by a candid confession of the whole; by which it appeared, that at the *chevalier's* instigation, which she shewed under his hand, she was not only to have assisted in carrying off her mistress, by opening the house door to him at midnight, but to have accompanied him in his flight, and carried off all her cash and jewels also to support them, till she should consent to a marriage, and so give him possession of her fortune.

CHAP.

C H-A P. XIII.

AS this put the matter out of doubt, the only thing that remained was how to defeat the chevalier's scheme, which Jones had for obvious reasons represented in a most formidable light. But this he took wholly upon himself, only desiring that she would call him *brother*, before her servants, to authorize his exerting himself in her behalf.

Accordingly, having accepted her invitation to stay at her house that night, he repaired to the chevalier's quarters the next morning, before he was out of bed, it being a maxim with him always to meet any man with whom he apprehended a dispute, before he should raise his spirits with a cup of courage; and giving him a loving shake by the hand, "I am come, my dear friend (said he) to retract the promise of assistance in your present scheme, which I gave you yesterday morning; and to desire that you will drop it entirely, as I am unluckily obliged to oppose you."

"How so?—(answered the chevalier, starting out of bed)—"For what reason should you oppose me?"—

"Only, because the lady happens to be my sister" (replied Jones.)—

"Well!—

"Well!—and what then?—(returned the chevalier)—Upon my own soul, I was afraid it was something else. But since it is only that, all is very well; because I can have no doubt, but through your interest I shall get her without that trouble; as I am sure you can have no objection to the match."—

"Not upon my own account, most certainly, —(replied Jones)—on the contrary, I should be very proud of the honour. But as I find her utterly averse to it, and that she insists she never gave you the least encouragement, I also must insist that you give up all thoughts of her, or I shall be under a necessity of taking measures that may not be very agreeable."—

"Well, sir!—(retorted the chevalier, fiercely)—and what then? You may do as you please. I have a sword that fears no opposition; and will be a match for your measures, my dear."—

"I am far from doubting the courage of your sword, my dear friend!—(said Jones)—But there are certain matters which are not subject to that decision in this country. We have laws."—

"Aye! There it is now, (returned the chevalier)—whenever an *Englishman* is put to the point of honour, he flies directly to the law. But what have the laws to say to me?—I have done nothing against them."—

"Are you sure of that?—(said Jones) Do you call it nothing to conspire with a servant to rob her mistress, and help to run away with her; which your letters to your accomplice, the *fille de chambre*, prove you have done?"—

"The

"The devil *accomplish* her for me!—(replied the chevalier, who from former experience, had no desire to fall again into the hands of the law).

"—And what *will* I do then?—I have not money enough to pay my bill here; much less to carry me home, if you will not stand my friend. After all your professions, you will not refuse me that much, surely."—

The generosity of our hero's temper has been observed upon many occasions. There were few men to whom he would have refused such a favour. But the very circumstance which would have ensured it with another, had the contrary effect with him. So strong was his hatred of his mother, that he would not do any thing to serve her brother. He answered, therefore, with a most significant shrug of his shoulders, that he was very sorry it was not in his power to assist a person for whom he had so high a respect, being unluckily out of cash at that time; but that so old a soldier could not be at a loss, as he might leave part of his baggage, till it should be convenient to him to clear off his quarters; an expedient, by no means uncommon with military men.

"Very true—(answered the chevalier)—that might be done in some cases. But the misfortune is, that I have been obliged to do it already in another place, and therefore have no baggage with me, but what is on my back; for it would have been wrong, you know, to encumber myself with any thing heavy, when I expected to have two women and their things to carry from this; for which reason I made my men stuff the cloak-bag with straw, as it would be indecent to travel without the appearance

“appearance of something. Perhaps your
 “sister would have consideration enough to help
 “me out, after having brought me into the
 “scrape. If you think she would, I will write
 “her a letter, and be obliged to you to deliver
 “it for me.”—

This his friend Jones readily undertook, not
 with a wish of succeeding, though he promised
 to back the application with all his interest, but
 as he imagined it would procure him fun at the
 chevalier's expence, if only by keeping him to
 increase his bill at the inn.

His friend, therefore, who could indite as
 well off hand, as on a week's study, sat down di-
 rectly, and wrote the following epistle:

“My dear Madame;

“I have the honour to hope you will excuse
 “the liberty I take with you on this occasion,
 “which is, to desire the favour that you will lend
 “me a little money to bear my charges to France.
 “As you know it was on your account I came so
 “far out of my way, I flatter myself that you will
 “have some consideration for my case. If I had
 “not unlookingly discovered my mind to your brother,
 “I could not have been obliged to trouble you.

“I have the honour to be with the most per-
 “fect respect,

“Madame,

“Your most humble and most obedient servant,

“O'ROON.”

This curious epistle Jones readily charged him-
 self with the delivery of, and really did deliver;
 but instead of backing, as he had promised, turn-
 ned it into the highest ridicule. For once
 though.

though this weapon failed him: Mrs. *Williams*, who had learned compassion in the school of adversity, had no sooner recovered herself from the instinctive laugh, which the oddity of the style and purport of the latter extorted, than she resolved to grant her poor lover's request, nor was to be diverted from it by all the arguments and ridicule of her brother; though, for a reason best known to herself, she would not give him the disagreeable office of delivering a benefaction so contrary to his sentiments; but sent it by her own steward, to be given on condition of his leaving the country directly, and taking his friend the *fille de chambre*, with him.

Though our hero was not a little chagrined at this disappointment, he resolved to have another stroke at his uncle; the success of which would give him the additional pleasure of affecting his mother, as well as her brother.

Waiting upon him, therefore, at his return, after the most cordial congratulations on the success of his letter, the merit of which he conscientiously took entirely to himself, he advised him, instead of going back to *France*, to go to *America* to his sister *Nanny*, who would certainly be rejoiced to see him; and was in a situation to make him easy for the rest of his life.

The chevalier listened eagerly to his advice, the expediency of which he honestly acknowledged, as his affairs were scarcely more deranged in *England* than in *France*, where he had even mortgaged his pension, to make this unfortunate campaign.

The only objection was, that the voyage was too long for the strength of his purse; but for this his friend easily found a remedy in his own way,

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way, which was to sell his horses, the price of which would answer the purpose; or if he should be taken up for the fact before he could get away, for he knew they were only hired, the punishment was only transportation to the place whither he wanted to go, by which means he would make the voyage at the expence of the public, and might reserve the money to cut a figure with, after his arrival; nor could his sister shew him any slight for travelling in the same manner as she had done herself.

The chevalier thanked his friend in the warmest terms for his advice, taking his sister's present name and address for this purpose; but whether he followed it or not, I do not find recorded in the memoirs from which I have compiled this history; though I searched the registers of *Newgate* and the *Old Bailey* with particular care.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIV.

THIS was the last exertion of our hero's talents, who directly removed his quarters to the castle, with the government of which his sister invested him, *during good behaviour*. He would fain have had a more permanent tenure; but she was too old a traveller to trust the reins out of her own hand, even to so skilful a driver.

She told him, that the same regard which made her adopt him as a brother, would also make her appoint him her heir, if he gave her no cause to change it, till when he must be content with the former character; nor could she ever be prevailed upon to make her will, or at least to let him know she had made it, for what reason is left to the sagacity of the judicious reader.

Whether or no she ever relaxed this severity in her morals, is a point not agreed among the learned; some, holding the affirmative from the impulse of nature, and the force of custom; to which others, with equal verisimilitude, oppose their common time of life, and the good agreement that always subsisted between them.

Disagreeable as it would have been to another, to live thus on the courtesy of a woman whom he had formerly used so basely, he knew too much of the world, to let such a trifle spoil his stomach to his bread and butter; wisely considering

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ing that it would fill his belly as well, if received from favour, as earned by merit.

Though the settlement of the hero generally closes the drama; I must beg leave to say a word or two by way of epilogue, before I let the curtain drop.

I make no doubt but some of those nice-nosed gentry, called critics, have smelled a fault, in my not having given my hero so exalted an end as his exploits deserved; which I am well aware they will call a violation of poetical justice, in the same style of judgment with those modern refiners in morality, who are offended with *Gay*, for not hanging *Macheath*, and so giving his comedy a tragical end.

But a word in their ears: Were every man to meet his deserts in that way, perhaps there would not be so many critics at leisure to find faults.

In excuse of mine, if it is one, I have only to say, that I write an history, not a poem; and therefore hold myself obliged to adhere to the fact; an obligation, which, if properly observed by many of my brother historians, would add as much to the merit, as it might take from the bulk of their works.

For the same reason I have rejected the fabulous accounts given by some anonymous dealers in anecdote, of his having turned *Methodist*, and gone up and down the country singing hymns, so feelingly, as to make all the old women weep their eyes sore; with other stories equally groundless and absurd, of his fancying himself haunted by ghosts and goblins; his fainting at table on spilling the salt; and being in danger of hanging, for drowning an old woman, in dipping her for a witch,

witch, when he was a justice of the peace. The first of these tales took its rise from his suffering himself to be persuaded by his sister to go with her once or twice to church, where, to prevent her asking him any more, he sung the psalm to the tune of *Old Hewson the cobbler*; and so put out both clerk and congregation.

As to the affair of the salt, that was of another nature entirely; and had like to have been attended with more serious consequences. Instead of his fainting on spilling it, it was spilled in the bustle and confusion occasioned by his being like to be choaked in a fit of coughing; when he had crammed his mouth too full; a custom he had retained ever since he was at the boarding-house, where he had often found it necessary to make good use of his time; and which proved fatal to him in the end.

But for dipping the witch, that was all a misrepresentation. He had only ordered her the discipline of the ducking-stool, for scolding the neighbours in the street, and cursing him to his face; so much more dangerous is it for some people to look over the hedge, than for others to be caught stealing.

In respect to his domestic conduct, his *sister* and he jogged down the hill, without much complaint on either side. In return for his never attempting to interfere in the management of her fortune, which he soon found she was immovably determined to keep in her own hands, she gave him the absolute sovereignty of the table, which he took care to have constantly full; having done away his former offences, and become the idol of all the squires round him, as soon as he was able to entertain them; among

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whom he cracked his jests with a full belly, and an heart at ease; laughing at the world, and all its pursuits, particularly politics, which he never mentioned without cocking his eye, and thrugging up his shoulders, saying, with the nightman's boy, that "*the trade, though rather dirty, was not a bad one in the main, for those whose noses were not too nice to follow it profited.*"

Another thing it is also proper to remark, which is, that as he preserved the natural turn of his disposition, so did he retain the first prejudices of education invariably to the last; having never in his life missed an opportunity of outjewing a Jew, or abusing a Scotchman, in revenge of the tricks attempted to be play'd upon him by Solomon, his master in the mysterious science of the *slight of hand*, and Doctor Berridge's having presumed to charge him with a theft he could not prove; which effectually refuted the charge of inconsistency, injuriously imputed to his character, in some other particulars of no moment.

That candour, and regard to truth, indeed, which I have so religiously observed through this important work, oblige me to acknowledge that in the decline of life he seemed rather to fall from that greatness which marked the actions of a more active season.

He lost his memory so totally, as not only to repeat his stories the next moment after he had told them; but what was still more surprising, to believe them himself.—He never laughed, but his retentive faculties failed, so as to leave him in an unfavourable pickle; and if left a moment alone

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lone in the dark, he would burst out crying like a child, for fear of goblins, ghosts, and devils.

This, however, must not be considered as a disgrace. His reason wore out sooner than his life; and strange to tell, as *Marlborough*, *Swift* and *Newton* had died before, so died *Juniper Jack*.

F I N I S.

OF HUNTER & HUNT

...and ... to ...



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which are arranged in a columnar fashion. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are written in a more formal, printed style. The list includes names such as "John Smith", "Mary Jones", and "Robert Brown", and addresses such as "123 Main Street", "456 Elm Street", and "789 Oak Street".

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

[illegible]

